

LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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"Every man in the platoon was either killed outright or fearfully bruised and burned. The unrecognizable fragments of the two cannoniers who sat on the limber were scattered over several acres of ground. One man had his head blown from his shoulders. The cavalry escort, consisting of two troops in front of the ill-fated battery and one behind, was stampeded, and many of the men blown from their horses and seriously injured."—*Chicago Record*.

A GHASTLY INCIDENT OF THE CHICAGO STRIKE.

EXPLOSION OF THE AMMUNITION CAISSON OF BATTERY F, SECOND UNITED STATES ARTILLERY, WHILE ON A PRACTICE RIDE, WITH THE LOSS OF FOUR LIVES AND THE INJURY OF FOURTEEN PERSONS, ARTILLERISTS, CAVALRYMEN, AND CITIZENS.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.—[SEE PAGE 77.]
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LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY.

Wealth and Its Uses.



NOW that the latest industrial uprising against law has been suppressed, and the authority of the government has been vindicated, it is desirable that we should look more closely into the causes of the profound unrest and discontent which exist among the working-classes, and which are from time to time seized upon by labor agitators in furtherance of schemes of violence and disorder. It cannot be denied that this discontent is every year becoming more acute. Much of it unquestionably springs from misapprehensions of economic principles and conditions, and from totally erroneous conceptions of the relations of labor and capital, and the peculiar functions and responsibilities of each in the social system. There is an irrational antagonism of labor to capital which often runs into anarchism, and always and everywhere is a menace to the public security. But these are not the only causes for the prevalent unrest. Other influences provocative of irritation and disquietude are found in the attitude of the capitalistic forces to the producing classes, in the arrogance and selfishness of monopolies, in the bestowal of legislative immunities and favors upon great aggregations of wealth, and in the denial to labor on the part of employers of humane consideration and a fair wage. It is undeniable that great combinations have come in this country to control production—partially in some industries, absolutely in others. It is equally true that the gains of these vast monopolies, which make competition impossible and so destroy individual enterprise, are swollen by oppression of their employes, and not infrequently by evasions or open defiance of the laws. Individual employers are often as hard, rapacious, and pitiless as those Pharaonic taskmasters from under whose lash the Israelites were led out by the Almighty hand.

It cannot be otherwise than that these conditions should beget dissatisfaction in the common mind. It is not too much to say that the great body of our people contemplate them with apprehension. They are unnatural and incongruous. They stimulate, inevitably, especially among those most intimately affected by them, a sense of injustice which sooner or later flames into a spirit of revolt.

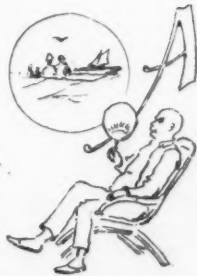
The recent strike in Chicago was in every respect without justification in the facts of the case. It had no real provocation; even if it had succeeded it would not have cured any of the ills here referred to. But it has served to call attention to the question of the relation of private wealth to the public good, and the limitations of its use. Mr. Pullman was right, absolutely, in refusing to permit any outside intervention between his employes and himself. There was, as to the particular question in controversy, no room for arbitration. But as to the larger question of the use which Mr. Pullman makes of his wealth as a landlord and employer there is plainly ground for intelligent criticism. He sustains to his employes a dual relation. He has undertaken what may be called an experiment in paternalism. He has established, after the pattern of the Krupps at Essen, an industrial community. He has built up around his works a so-called model town, of which he is absolute proprietor. The houses, streets, parks, churches, schools, stores, and shops—everything—are owned by him. He furnishes water, gas, heat, and all the appliances of life. There is nothing except the air and sunlight upon which he does not levy toll. This, as proprietor, he has a right to do. But keeping in mind the

character of his undertaking, the claim that it is a beneficence, and the relation he holds to his operatives, these charges should be scrupulously consistent with equity and justice. All the evidence goes to show that, on the contrary, they are extortionate; that while fair wages have been paid the better class of workmen, rents and other charges have always been adjusted at a corresponding figure; that for the coarser grades of work the prices paid are conspicuously meagre; and that as a result of the system the great mass of workmen have been practically enslaved, the master meanwhile accumulating millions. As one writer puts it, "the average wages have been so low, and the average rents so high, that the workmen have been giving the company their work and something from their bank accounts besides in return for the privilege of existing in the model town."

It is claimed that Pullman is a private estate, and may be managed just as any other private property is managed. This is an abandonment of the pretext that the object of the proprietor in building the town was to better the condition of his employes as well as to advance his individual interests. But even in the management of a private estate there are limitations beyond which rapacity and greed cannot safely go. The wise and just man recognizes that there are considerations of fair dealing which outweigh all questions of dividends. Mr. Pullman, though he were twenty times over owner of everything in the town he has built, cannot defy with impunity the Golden Rule, and, because he has the power, squeeze the men and women within his reach like so many sponges, until he has wrung from them not only their individual freedom, but even the capacity to enjoy the fruits of their own toil. That is to be inhuman; it is brutality incarnate.

The industrial troubles which now so widely prevail will never be adjusted, and the animosities which have become so violent will never be allayed, so long as the spirit which has apparently dominated the Pullman management and so largely governs other employing enterprises continues to assert itself. Capital equally with labor must recognize its obligations. There is a profound truth in the sentiment expressed by ex-Mayor Hewitt in a recent address, that "the important question is not how wealth is owned, but how it is used." The employing class must accept that principle and the obligations it imposes. The workingman on his part must understand that he will best assure the possession and enjoyment of his own rights by respecting those of others. Society, the state, must enforce alike against employer and employe every law designed for its protection against the aggressions of either. Not violence, dynamite, arson on the one hand, nor cupidity, oppression, inhumanity on the other; but justice, fair play, kindness, should be the basal and controlling law in all the interdependent relationships of the industrial sphere. The beneficent touch of the Master's hand—the application of the principles for which He stands in the world's thought and life—this is what is needed to solve these troublous problems which to-day confront us.

Hard Times and Summer Vacations.



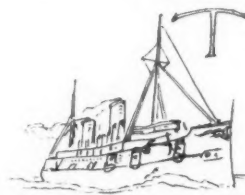
GENERATION ago the summer vacation in this country was not a matter of course as it is now, and only the very rich had summer homes in addition to their city residences. When the practice of going out of town in summer became more general, that grim joke was born of the city snob who shut up the front of his house, lived in the rear, and pretended that he and his family were away at the seashore or in the mountains. This was never a very good joke, because it is improbable that there ever existed a man so foolish as to make himself so uncomfortable as he would have been under the conditions suggested. But snobs—those who, according to Thackeray, admire mean things meanly—are wonderful creatures, and it is hard to tell what any one of them will do at any time. If ever such a thing could have been done it is likely that it may be done this summer, for the hard times of twelve months past make it necessary for nearly all men to keep down their expenses to the lowest possible limit. Even the enormously rich men are curtailing expenses, and many of them who have hitherto maintained great summer establishments have taken their families to Europe, where they can live at hotels at one-quarter of the usual outlay. But the hard times do not bear on such as these with the merciless weight that is felt by men who are not rich, but live as though they were. The really rich find the times this summer disagreeable; the pretenders can only make a very sorry pretense of prosperity.

And those who are neither rich nor poor, but only well-to-do, those honest men and women of the great middle class who would seem to appear other than they are, they are sure that the times are hard, and the majority of them have long since given up all idea of any long sojourn away from their city homes. The one rent in town is about as much as most of these care to become responsible for. Staying in town with his wife and daughters,

paterfamilias will learn for the first time how diverting are the little trips to Coney Island and the near-by watering-places. The artists and the writers for the comic papers will not find models of the summer girl at every turn of the country road. If these models are necessary to the little conceits that amuse us in the warm weather, the artists and the poets would do well, when the moon is out, to walk to and fro in the city and up and down in it, and observe the fair maidens who sit upon the front stoops and twirl their useful palm-leaf fans.

The overworked man who has to forego his little summer outing will miss it sadly, but enjoy it all the more perhaps next year, when business prosperity shall have returned. But to the others, who mistakenly think that New York is an impossible place for summer residence, the experience of a July and August spent in town may be very well. They will learn that New York is one of the pleasantest summer resorts in the world. It is cool and spacious, with great diversities of recreation; and then, they will give up none of their familiar home comforts for the questionable advantages of stuffy rooms in the country. A change of scene and a change of air are both desirable and pleasant, but very many will learn this summer that they are not necessary to either health or happiness, and be better off for the knowledge thus forced upon them by the stress of the times.

The Triumph of the "Minneapolis."



HE splendid performance of the unarmored cruiser *Minneapolis* on her trial trip on July 14th, when she made the astonishing and unprecedented record of 23.073 knots sustained speed, is something of far greater significance than the fact of being the fastest war-vessel in the world. It is true that no ocean-going vessel has made such time as this, the nearest approach to it being the record of the sister-ship of the *Minneapolis*, the *Columbia*, which made a record on her trial trip in last November of 22.81 knots, practically one-quarter of a knot less than the speed of the *Minneapolis*. After a certain speed has been reached in ship-building a quarter knot is like the proverbial inch on the end of a man's nose. An increase of such apparently small amount of speed is equal to an increase of ten times that amount when the speed ranges between twelve and eighteen knots. In other words, it is easier to increase the speed of a vessel from twelve to sixteen knots than it is to increase it from twenty-two to twenty-two and one-quarter knots.

Every patriotic citizen must rejoice in the possession of these magnificent new vessels of our new navy, but it is a matter of greater rejoicing that we have the facilities to produce such wonders in ships. It is an evidence that this country has the power and facility to resume its former supremacy on the high seas. Not only is there no question that we can build our own ships, but here we have more than abundant proof that we can build faster ships than any other nation. The speed of a vessel is its real life, and in these days of sharp competition speed means nothing less than commercial supremacy. It costs more to build ships in this country than elsewhere because labor costs more, and labor is the largest element of expense in ship construction. But if there comes an increase of speed, especially such an overwhelming increase as that shown in these two vessels of our navy, the cost of labor can be overlooked easily. It has been proved that American workmanship is so superior to that of other countries in this branch of industry that with ships of equal capabilities the American vessel endures wear and tear the better, and therefore it is scarcely a debatable question whether it does not pay to spend more money for better labor.

The real significance, therefore, of this performance is the encouragement it gives to American commerce. Lately the United States has shown an unmistakable disposition to protect its commerce, and with this to encourage the ship-building industry, and also with this superb showing of American superiority, it should be only a question of time before we should hear of the revival of American ship-building on a large scale.

The *Minneapolis* earned a bonus of four hundred thousand dollars and a trifle over. This is bound to create a good deal of comment, especially among carpers and critics of the new navy and opponents of progress generally. It will be hard, and indeed almost impossible, to convince such persons that this bonus is a most profitable investment. But such it really is. In time of war a quarter of a knot advantage in speed might mean not only the turning-point in battle, but in a grave crisis might mean the turning-point in a war. The *Columbia* and *Minneapolis* were designed to make a speed of twenty-one knots, a speed unapproached at the time they were laid down. The extra two knots that they have shown themselves capable of producing are worth far more than the extra expense of the premiums they have earned. Indeed, if the contractors had been required to produce vessels of the speed that they have shown, the bids would probably have been more than a million dollars more for each vessel than they actually

were. No ship-builder in this or in any other country would have undertaken such a contract without a wide margin to secure him in case of loss for failure to fulfill the terms of such a stupendous task as that would have been. The extra speed, therefore, is a cheap investment for this country, and, instead of grumbling at the bill, there ought to be rejoicing over it.

We have a great bargain in the *Columbia* and *Minneapolis*, and it may be said truthfully that there is not another nation in the world, with any pretensions to naval strength, which does not envy us in their possession, and which would not be glad to take them off our hands at the cost, premium and all, which we have paid for them. Indeed, the Washington naval authorities have declared recently that they have information that the English authorities are preparing to outdo us in this very line, if possible, and that is because of the appearance of these two vessels. England realizes that she cannot afford to be behindhand in naval matters, but if she catches up to us in quality it will be a general surprise to us and to all the world, and will be the signal to us to turn in and surpass her again. In quantity she will always lead. Her commerce demands that, and she would fail in the chief requisite of her national life if she failed in that respect.

The *Minneapolis* and the *Columbia* are American every inch in design and execution. Only in the experience of the past, in a general sense, do they possess anything foreign. They were practically experiments in ship-building, and that they have resulted successfully is another cause for general rejoicing. We may well congratulate the Messrs. Cramp, her contractors, and the contractors for the *Columbia*, on the large premium they have won, and the splendid standing it gives them as ship-builders.

Egyptian Cotton Competition.



R. FREDERIC C. PENFIELD, United States Consul-General to Egypt, furnishes the *Hartford Times* with a paper on the growth of cotton culture in that country which will prove highly instructive to American readers. Some of its statements will undoubtedly occasion surprise, if they do not create some solicitude, among cotton-growers of the South. It is well known that the soil

and climate of Egypt are peculiarly adapted to the cotton-plant, and that the cotton grown there is suitable to the manufacture of the finest class of goods. The implements of labor are of the most primitive kind, but the disadvantage in this respect is more than compensated by the wonderful fertility of the soil, caused by the rich deposits brought down by the Nile from the Abyssinian Mountains. Owing to the great cheapness of labor the cotton can be raised, transported, and sold in this country at prices which admit of competition with our best native grades. The rapid growth of the industry in Egypt is shown by the fact that whereas the total production in 1882 was only 329,000 bales, in 1893 it was 680,086 bales. This year the cotton area has been largely increased, and it is believed that the yield will amount to 700,000 bales, an equivalent of 1,050,000 American bales. The sum realized from last year's crop, staple and seed, was upward of \$45,000,000.

The government is manifesting a lively interest in the promotion of the industry, and is now supporting what is known as the Nile River scheme, by which it is hoped to double the cultivable area of the country. The idea is to dam the Nile and construct a vast storage reservoir, from which water can be regularly supplied and the arid desert transformed into the richest soil. In the accomplishment of this purpose it is proposed to employ between fifteen and twenty millions of dollars now on hand.

By way of illustrating the relation which the growth of this industry has to American interests, Mr. Penfield states that the importation of Egyptian cotton into this country aggregated last year upward of 42,000 bales, the equivalent of more than 60,000 American bales, valued at something under three million dollars, and constituting about two and one-quarter per cent. of the staple consumed last year in the United States. In 1890 the number of bales imported to the United States was only 10,470. Mr. Penfield is of opinion that these facts relative to the increasing production of Egyptian cotton and its importation into this country, taken in connection with the fact that southern Russia is entering the field of competition, and the further fact of over-production in India, afford matter for serious reflection, and ought to suggest to American growers the necessity of meeting the exigency thus presented. With our extent of country we must surely have, somewhere, the qualities of climate and soil that should make possible the production of cotton of equally fine quality with that produced in Egypt. On this point Mr. Penfield says:

"One would suppose the Mississippi delta would offer conditions almost identical with Egypt. I am glad to know that Egyptian seed is being experimented with at home, and the Agricultural Department is understood to be taking a very active interest in this question. The experiment should not be abandoned with one or two failures, but systematically pursued until the South can supply Northern mills with a cotton as acceptable as that produced by the fellahs of the Nile country. The prospect of offering this particular staple to Europe in competition

with Oriental labor presents little hope, in my opinion, but by all means let American soil supply America's spindles, whatsoever be the grade of cotton demanded."

The Right To Be Employed.

THE theory that an employer is under a moral obligation to agree to employ his workman at some rate of wages in the future involves that very question of the *droit de travail*, or right to be employed, which the people of the Canton of Berne, in Switzerland, recently voted down by four to one. Of course such a right cannot exist on one side only. It implies a corresponding duty on the part of every workingman to work for such employers, on such job, at such rates of wages as arbitrators shall bind him out to work for and upon. This right in turn implies a right of enforcing upon a workingman the performance of his obligation by some means more efficacious than an empty judgment for money damages.

If the job is to belong to the workingman so that he can force his employer to keep his business running in order to give him employment, at a rate to be fixed by arbitrators and courts, then in turn the workingman must belong to his job, his mill, or his acres, like a common serf. He must be held to the performance of such labor, at such wages, and in such manner as "arbitrators" shall bind him to perform.

Workingmen should be able to see that the exchange of an individual or corporate employer for State socialism is swapping King Log for King Stork. At whatever point the employer is to lose his power to discharge, the wage-worker must also lose his right to withdraw, which involves his whole industrial freedom.

WHAT'S GOING ON

MR. THOMAS C. PLATT denies in the most positive way that he favors a straight Republican ticket in the coming municipal election in this city. He believes, on the contrary, "that all those elements of our citizenship which are opposed to the present government of the city ought to get together, and ought to make a ticket that will be generally satisfactory." The head of the ticket must be a Republican, since the Republicans have from one hundred thousand to one hundred and twenty-five thousand votes which they can bring to the support of a ticket which deserves their confidence. If the honest friends of reform will accept this condition—and there is no possible reason why they should not—there will be, in Mr. Platt's opinion, no difficulty in the way of a successful coalition.

WHILE the bill for the admission of Utah into the Union as a State has become a law, it will be nearly a year and a half before the fact of statehood will be consummated. The constitutional convention will not meet until March next, and the constitution framed by it will not be submitted until the following November, when the Governor and other State officers will be elected. The act admitting the Territory requires that the new constitution shall provide for absolute religious toleration and the prohibition of polygamous or plural marriages. Liberal provision in the form of grants of public lands is made for educational institutions and charitable purposes. The population of the Territory is now two hundred and fifty thousand. The indications are that there will be a sharp struggle for the control of the State at the first election. The later immigration has undoubtedly been more enlightened and enterprising than that of former years, and the bulk of it is believed to be decidedly Republican in its sympathies, but the chances, everything considered, are perhaps in favor of the opposite party.

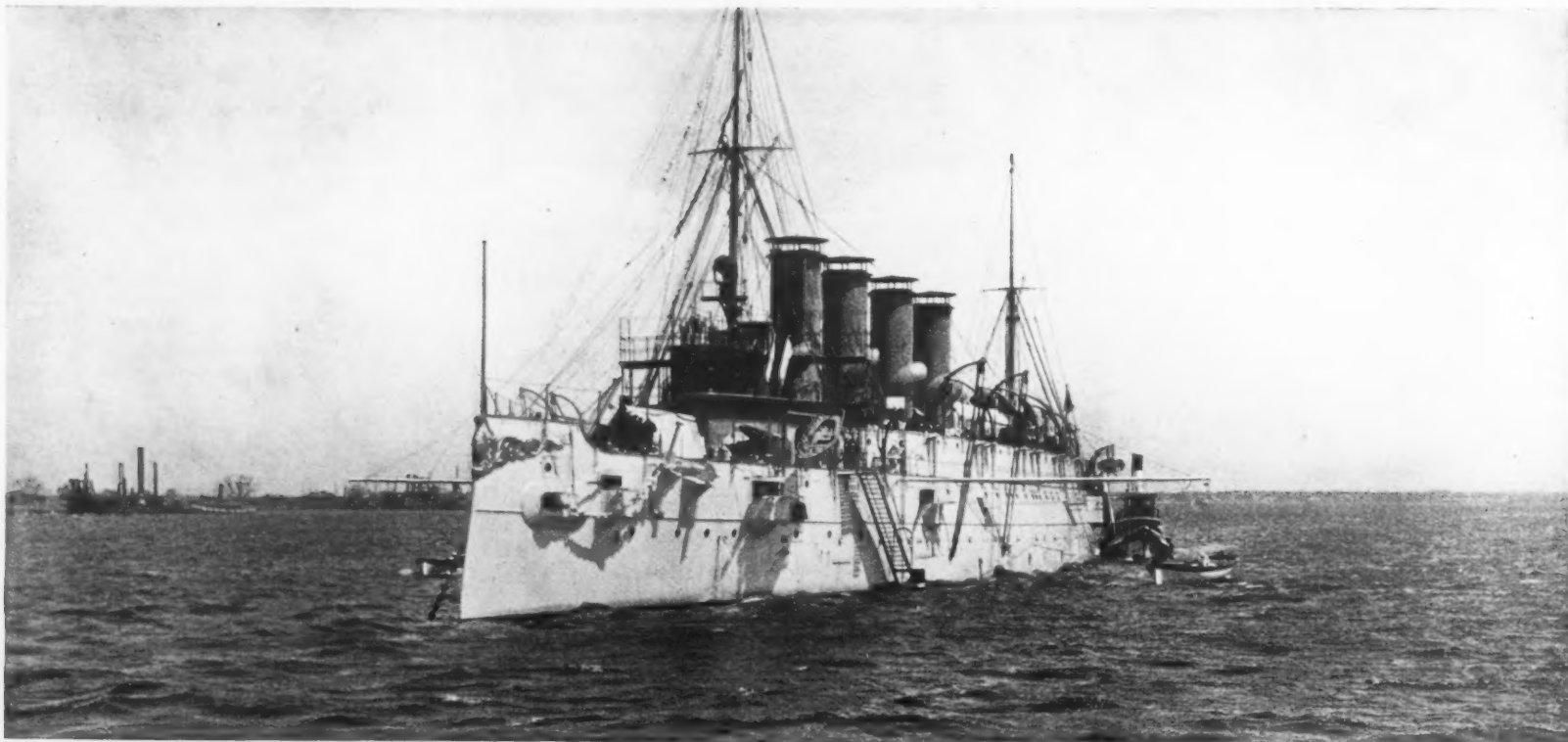
IMPORTANT results are likely to follow the decision of Monsignor Satolli condemning the liquor traffic and approving the expulsion from Roman Catholic societies of all persons engaged in the business. This decision is a sequence of a ruling of the bishop of Columbus, who put under ban all societies having liquor-dealers among their members, and required all priests to withhold absolution from all Catholic saloon-keepers "who carry on their business in a forbidden and disedifying way, or sell on Sundays, either openly or under any sort of guise or disguise, in violation of civil law and to the hurt of the order and religion, and the scandal of any part of the community." Monsignor Satolli's decision, made upon an appeal from the bishop's ruling, confirms absolutely and unconditionally the principle laid down by it. It is, of course, obligatory upon all Catholics in the United States. It has already produced great consternation in the liquor-dealers' ranks, and the excitement is likely to deepen as the full scope and meaning of the deliverance come to be generally understood. There is undoubtedly a sentiment in the church, outside of the class against whom the ruling is directed, that it is arbitrary and extreme, but this will hardly express itself aggressively, and the net result will be, unquestionably, a positive gain to the public morals.

THE clamor of indignation raised by certain Democratic Senators over the letter of the President rebuking their

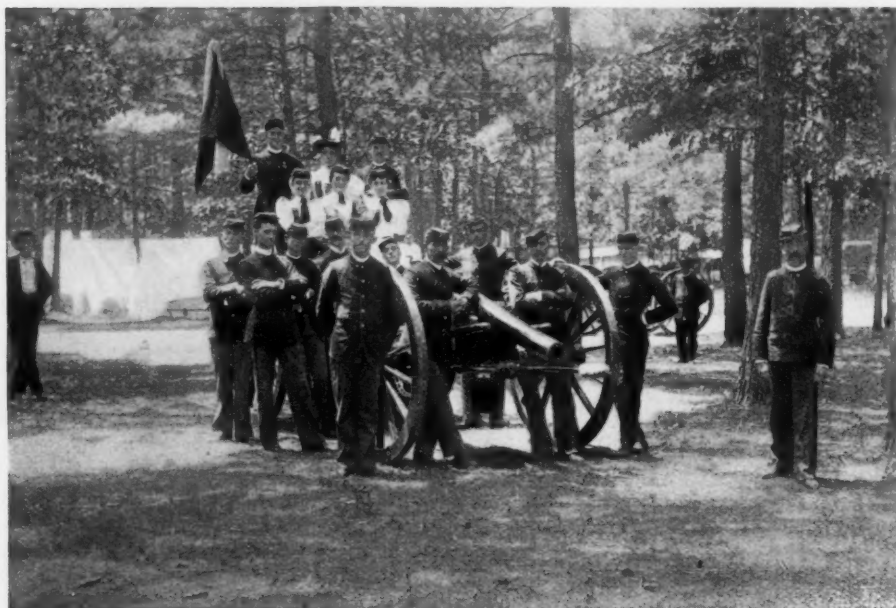
course on the tariff question is entirely natural. "No rogue ever yet felt the halter draw with good opinion of the law." These Democratic Senators, in their desire to enrich certain special interests, have not only violated every Democratic profession and principle, but have affronted the moral sense of the nation by a sordid and disgraceful intrigue wholly without parallel in the history of legislation on any matter of grave public concern. The bill framed by them and sent to the House is a matter of deliberate bargain and sale, incongruous and illogical in all its provisions, and incapable of justification on any ground of public policy. Having accomplished the passage of this infamous measure, they now set up as dictators, and declare in so many words that unless their bill can be passed there will be no tariff legislation at all. They ought to understand that they are only deepening by this action the popular condemnation of their course. Whether they believe it or not, it is a fact that every honest man in the country, of whatever party, is in sympathy with the President when he arraigns their action as at once undemocratic and unpatriotic. It is the idlest nonsense for them to declaim against what they are pleased to call the interference of the President in legislation, in view of their own domineering attitude as to this most important question.

THE Republican State Committee of Virginia has acted wisely in repudiating the policy of Senator Mahone and determining to nominate candidates for both Federal and State officers at the coming elections. If there is any Southern State in which the Republicans should maintain a distinct party organization and carry on persistently the work of educating the people into sympathy with Republican principles and policies, it is Virginia. While there is a good deal of inveterate Bourbonism of sentiment in the State, and in some localities a persistent spirit of intolerance, there is also a broadening spirit of progress and a widening enlightenment on economic questions; industrial enterprise is overcoming the influence of those conservative ideas which for decades paralyzed the energies of the people, and there is a growing disposition to utilize neglected resources and opportunities. There is nothing in Democratic principles or policy which appeals to or can satisfy this progressive temper, while on the contrary, Republican ideas and methods are precisely adapted to the needs of the State in the development of the possibilities within her reach. That fact, insisted upon, will sooner or later find recognition, and this insistence it is the obvious duty of Republicans to maintain with steadfast purpose at all times and under all circumstances. To furl and lay away their standards, coalescing with the flag-ends of petty factions in the support of every absurd chimera that is able to muster a handful of followers, is not only to sacrifice a great opportunity, but it involves a positive betrayal of essential principles and the perpetuation of social and industrial conditions which must be outgrown before the State can ever obtain her just place, in influence and prosperity, in the Union sisterhood. Let us hope that, having determined to give their colors to the breeze, the Republicans of Virginia will keep them there, loyally and resolutely, until they become permanently victorious in the politics of the State.

THE vigor and enthusiasm with which the Southern press and people upheld the right of the Federal government to interfere for the maintenance of Federal law in the States affected by the recent railway strike have attracted wide attention. Indeed, the utterances of many Southern men prominent in affairs were even more decisive than those of some Northern men who have become conspicuous in politics. And wherever the execution of the laws has rested with former Confederates now in public office, the rights and dignity of the nation have been asserted with unvarying emphasis. General Shelby, of Missouri, was one of the stoutest fighters for the Confederacy against the Union. He is now United States Marshal for the western district of that State. During the late troubles a mail train was seized by the strikers. General Shelby rescued it with a posse of deputies, whereupon Governor Stone entered a protest on the ground that the marshal was interfering with the authority of the sovereign State of Missouri. That would once have been an effectual argument with the ex-Confederate, but it had no weight whatever with the loyal Federal official. He at once replied that he was acting for and in obedience to the instructions of the United States government, adding that if the Governor needed any further explanation he should apply to the Attorney-General at Washington. Meanwhile, he said, he would continue, as marshal, to do his duty under the law, and he did. It looks as if we are a nation after all. The *Atlanta Constitution* no doubt states the exact truth when it says that "Shelby is like thousands of ex-Confederates. They quit fighting for the Confederacy when the war ended, and they have shown that they are just as loyal to the Union in these days as any of the men who wore the blue. The old veteran who is enforcing the Federal laws out in Missouri would die in his tracks before he would prove unfaithful to his trust, and this is the spirit of the great majority of the men who fought in the Confederate army."



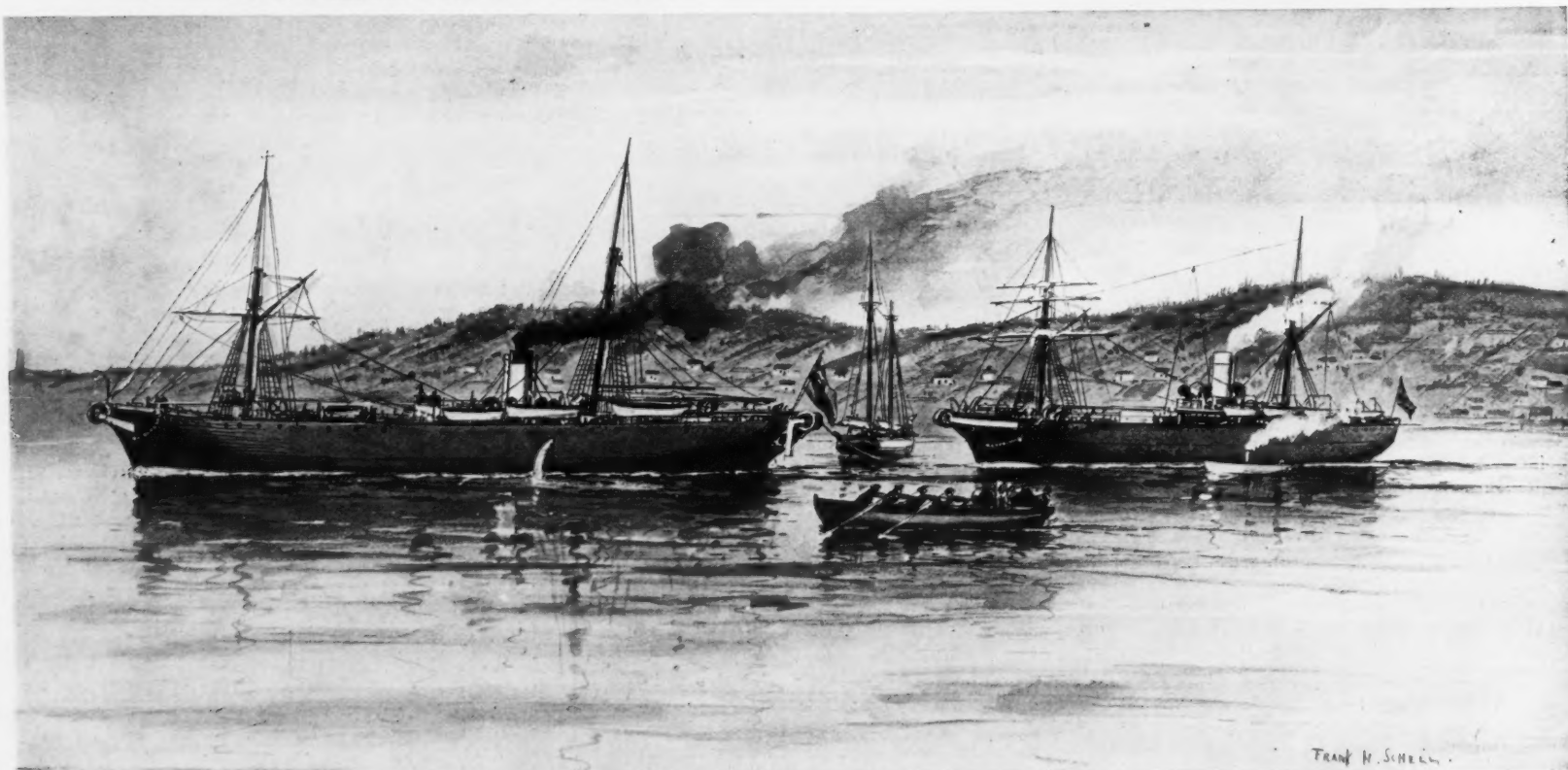
THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "COLUMBIA," RECENTLY DISPATCHED TO BLUEFIELDS TO PROTECT THE INTERESTS OF AMERICANS ON THE RESERVATION.
COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY C. E. BOLLES, BROOKLYN.



THE INDIANAPOLIS LIGHT ARTILLERY, FIRST PRIZE WINNERS IN THE ARTILLERY COMPETITION AT THE INTERSTATE DRILL, LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.—PHOTOGRAPH BY HOOROCKS.



HON. CLIFTON R. BRECKINRIDGE, RECENTLY APPOINTED UNITED STATES MINISTER TO RUSSIA.—PHOTOGRAPH BY C. M. BELL.



THE LAYING OF THE LARGEST SUBMARINE CABLE IN THE WORLD—THE STEAMERS "BRITANNIA" AND "SCOTIA" LEAVING THE HARBOR OF HEART'S CONTENT, NEWFOUNDLAND, WITH THE EIGHT : CABLE LAID BY THE ANGLO-AMERICAN COMPANY.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHELL FROM A SKETCH BY J. W. HAYWARD.—[SEE PAGE 90.]
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WILLIE MARKS, IN THE SADDLE.



CAGE CONTAINING ELEPHANT "NIT."



CIRCUS TENT.

MUSEUM AND MENAGERIE

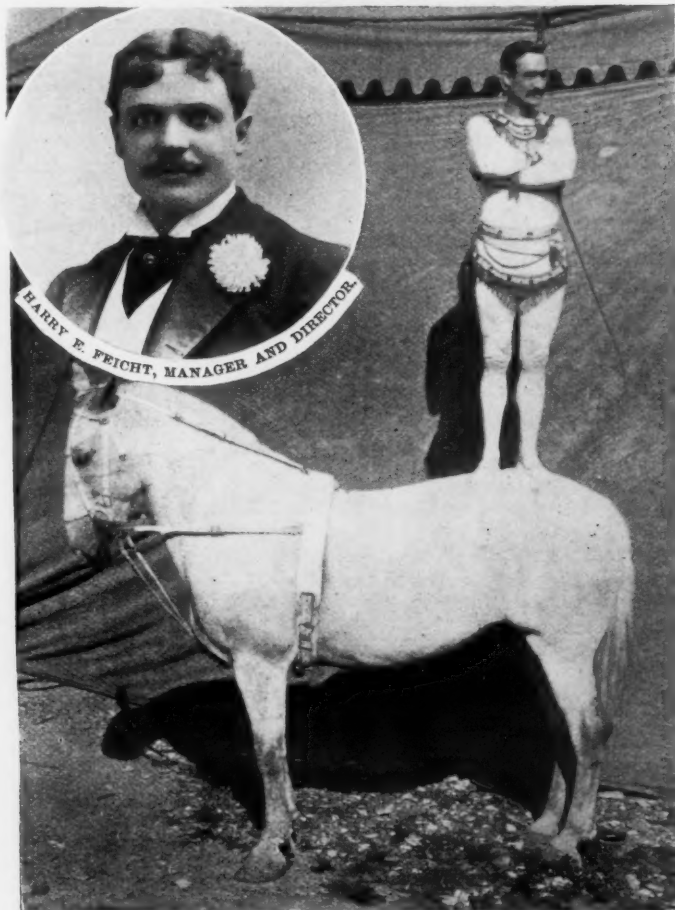
SIDE SHOW.

THE RECENT AMATEUR CIRCUS AT DAYTON, OHIO, FOR THE BENEFIT OF CHARITY.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOWERSOX.—[SEE PAGE 80.]

Martin.

Kerwin.

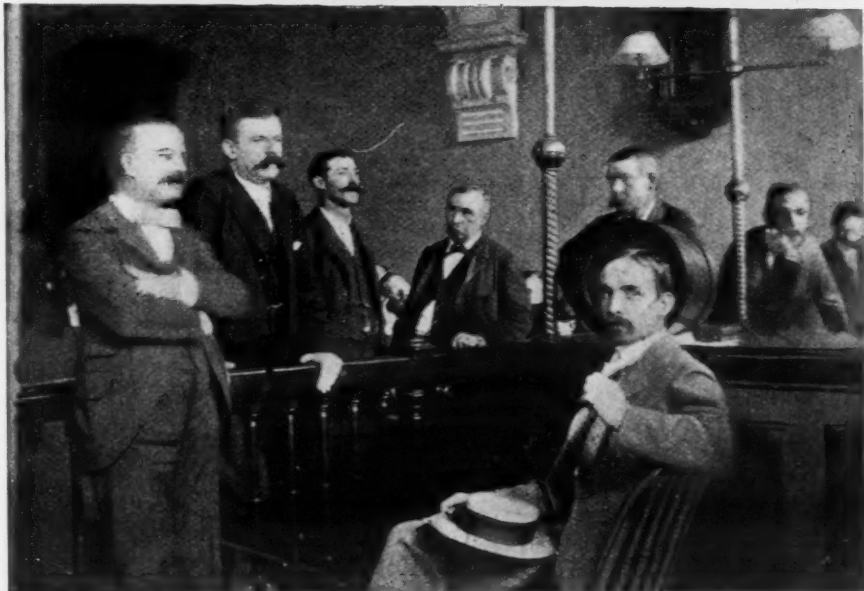
Sheehan.



THE CHARITY CIRCUS AT DAYTON, OHIO—WILLIE MARKS, CHAMPION BARE-BACK RIDER.



THE POLICE COMMISSIONERS.



THE "WARD MEN" AT THE BAR WITH THEIR COUNSEL.



CAPTAIN MICHAEL DOHERTY.

THE TRIAL, BY THE NEW YORK POLICE COMMISSIONERS, OF CAPTAIN MICHAEL DOHERTY AND PATROLMEN JOHN HOCK AND BERNARD MEEHAN, ON CHARGES OF EXTORTING MONEY FROM THE KEEPER OF A DISORDERLY HOUSE.—[SEE PAGE 80.]

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ROMANCE AND WIRE-CUTTING.

By BELLE HUNT.

II.—CONCLUDED.

THAT same night, at a quarter to twelve o'clock, Captain Bill Scott was still smoking and thinking, over the wood fire in his room at the hotel in Brownswood. Finally he got up, stretched his legs, and went over to the window and looked out. The view was an uninviting one—a jumble of wooden houses, plank fences, sun-baked, unpaved streets, a lamp-lit window here and there, and blue wind and cold moonlight everywhere. The sash rattled, admitting spasmodic gusts of iciness. The captain drew down the shade and went back to the fire.

"It's a cold night!" he said. "Scanlan will wait till morning." He lighted a fresh cigar and smoked with a relish, standing with his legs apart, his back to the fire, and his head thrown up in a pondering, listening way.

Captain Scott was an ideal free lance—a booted knight-errant—in short, a Texas ranger.

He was only medium in height, but thick-set and muscular; his chest was broad, his limbs sturdy and straight; his face was dark and clean-shaven except for a heavy black mustache which shaded a mouth with a short upper lip, and small, pointed white teeth—a mouth which could smile very winningly, but in that smile a captured foe or a false-proven friend would scarcely look for justice, much less mercy.

His hair was rather long, and as black and straight as an Indian's; eyes "off the same piece," keen and penetrating, but with a trick of retreating under the long lashes calculated to deceive one as to their watchfulness. He wore a ready-made suit of "pepper-and-salt" gray, a flannel over-shirt, the collar low, showing a muscular, wind-tanned neck. A massive gold chain held in place a watch which he drew from a pocket in the waistband of his pantaloons and opened and shut mechanically, as though he had intended to look at the hour but was too preoccupied to do it.

On the bed lay an overcoat, a brace of Colt's revolvers, and a black slouch hat. His spurs were still buckled to his heels, and a heavy gold ring gleamed on the third finger of his left hand.

He wheeled suddenly around at the sound of steps upon the stair, and called "Come in!" almost simultaneously with a rap upon his door.

"Hello, Scanlan!" he said. "Speak of the devil and you'll smell brimstone." He shook the young man's hand and tossed a log of wood on the fire. "It's a blustering night to be out. You're as cold as a mud-turtle. What's the news?"

He reached for a flask of whisky in his overcoat pocket, and Scanlan tossed off a finger's length before he answered:

"We've got 'em grabbed."

"The deuce you have! Detectives are like poets and breeches that fit—made to order. You can't pick 'em up in a job lot. You've done well, and taken a bore off of my hands. It's game laying for a gang of horse-thieves or road-agents, but a nasty, trifling, low-down set of wire-cutters are no more than a flock of blackbirds to be 'shewed' off a wheat-field. How did you work 'em?"

"Principally through Stephens, though I never would have done anything with Jim Hinson if it hadn't been for your gag of the stolen horses, and working me in as Stephens's nephew. By George! captain, we actually sold off the whole drove of broncos, and Jim Hinson was the big Injin with the brass collar in the deal. Let us 'hide 'em a week in his cow lot. I am convinced that Stephens was on to 'em long ago, and wanted to stand in with 'em, only he was afraid. The reason he chipped in so glibly with us was because he saw you suspected him. I had a great notion to collar the old rascal and march him up here and make him turn State's evidence, but was afraid they would outlie him, and the whole 'sawp be given away."

"You're right," Scott said, approvingly. "The only way to catch them is in the act. They're a durned bad lot, and have to hang together to keep from being hung separately."

Scanlan sighed, tipped his chair back, stretched his feet to the fire, and ran his hands down in his pockets.

"Then I had to use the girl some," he went on, frowning. "After the horses were sold I had no excuse for going to Hinson's so much. Scott"—and he sat up and looked in the fire a moment—"I don't feel right about that girl.

She's as innocent and pitiful as a sick baby, and those scoundrelly uncles and the old hag treat her shamefully. Young Baugh was her only chance for getting out of the place, and I'm afraid I have made serious trouble between them. The blamed lubber is as jealous as Othello, and was always running upon me at the house. Of course the girl couldn't say anything against me, for I had taken pains to let her understand that I was down there selling off a gang of stolen horses, and that her uncles were hand and glove in the transaction. The old woman stands in with the gang right along. If it wasn't for her age and petticoats I'd say hang her up with the rest of 'em. Well, the upshot of the matter is that they are fixed for to-morrow night. They have a meeting at Hinson's to-night. I thought it good policy to be out of the way. Jim Hinson is as slick as they get to be. He keeps an eye and a half on me, anyway, and would be glad of a chance to do me up. They are to meet at Ballard's, where the tools are kept, to-morrow night at twelve o'clock. The Hinson boys are reported gone to Fort Worth; one of the Ballards is sick in bed, and the other down in the lower part of the county buying hogs. Stephens is instructed to get rid of me if possible; if not, to bring me along and make me a forced member of the gang—particeps criminis, you know."

"You'd better steer clear of the whole dirty business," Scott said.

The young man laughed and shook his head. "Not if I know it!" he answered. "I wouldn't miss that fracas for my reward. I'll get back before day, sleep late, then loaf around Stephens's all day. When we meet at Philippi I'll quietly switch over to my friends, the enemy. See?"

"I see," the captain answered, and knocked the ash off his cigar. "You like it, so did I. You'll go on till you ain't fit for anything else, if you don't get your head blown off in the meantime. It's a business there's no turning back in."

The captain looked reminiscent. Scanlan assisted him by asking:

"What was that report about your getting in with Sam Bass's men, captain?"

The captain laughed, and his mustache went up, exposing his fine teeth.

"Yes; I did work my rabbit foot on 'em," he said, deprecatingly, yet proudly. "I had everything shaped to deliver them up in Dallas on a certain night, where I was going to lure them with promise of big booty, but the governor got skittish—was afraid of a riot, pillage, incendiarism, and so forth. Negotiations hung fire, and Bass was killed at Round Rock before anything further was done with my plan. After that I couldn't settle down to police duty in Dallas. I was in for blood and thunder, like you are—wanted something to keep my eyes skinned and my hair in curl, you know. After a man has made any sort of a 'rep.' as an officer of the law he is not safe in private life; he is subject to all sorts of personal and spiteful vengeance on the part of his victims and their sympathizers. Got to be on continual self-defense."

Scanlan laughed dryly.

"Yes," he said, "I don't suppose I'll find these parts very healthy for me after Jim Hinson has found out that I pulled the wool over his sharp eyes. I guess I'll go back East on a pleasure trip for a few years."

He got up and took off his coat.

"Believe I'll turn in and snooze an hour, captain," he said, yawning. "If I sleep longer than that wake me up, please."

He was asleep before Scott could renew the fire and turn down the lamp. Scott looked long at the ruddy young face and strong limbs, and sighed as he lay down beside him.

"It's durned risky business," he said to himself, "and he's gone and mixed up a lot of women-folks and jealousy with it. It's strange there can't be even a fence-cutting row without a woman at the bottom of it!"

III.

The prairie looked more desolate—if possible—by moonlight. That cold, blue luminosity hardened and chilled everything; even the wind had a keener edge, and the bars of the wire glistened like serpents' fangs.

No living creature was abroad; even the old high-backed cow and her yearling had disappeared.

Faintly and dimly in the distance came the

howl of wolves, giving a human, despairing tone to the norther's voice, to which the "swish, swish" of the long, dead grass kept up a shivering accompaniment, while a gully or ravine near by seemed to scoop up the hoarse chorus in its shallow caverns and give it back with an added wail. This gully ran several hundred yards obliquely with the pasture fence, finally under it, and on, across it, until it melted into the dead level. In one place, about thirty feet from the fence, it was deep enough to conceal the figure of a man in a squatting position. There were seven figures, side by side, with Winchester rifles across their knees, and a finger on every trigger. They had staked their horses out on the prairie, a half-mile from the fence, and in the direction opposite to Ballard's house.

They had not long to wait.

First came the faint, half-guessed click of the clippers upon the wire, growing gradually louder and nearer, and accompanied by the dull thump of boots upon the hard ground. There were nine fence-cutters walking Indian file, and as silent and decorous as if they were priests performing some sacred midnight rite. Louder and nearer grew the metallic, rhythmical sound. The Rangers were on tension, their guns half-cocked, their eyes on their captain's face.

He did not speak nor move until the wire-cutters were within twenty feet of him; then, springing to the embankment, he threw down his revolvers and called out, coolly but imperiously, "Halt, and surrender to the Texas Rangers!"

Their reply was a volley of bullets, which was returned by the Rangers. The encounter did not last five minutes, but in that time every gun on both sides was emptied and re-loaded. Through the thick of it Tom Scanlan strode quickly to Scott's side. As he did so, Jim Hinson sprang forward like a panther, right in the muzzles of the guns.

"Curse you!" he cried, "I knowed yo' was a liar an' sneak, an' I'll shoot yer white liver out'n yo' of my head goes with it!"

The men on both sides seemed petrified. Scott's courage was notorious. There was something of the divine in this man's beastly defiance of it. Even the wind stood still, holding its breath, and the moon, cutting a sharp disk on the clouds, threw a fierce light on the three faces—Scanlan's, cool, white, dazed; Scott's, immovable; Hinson's, purple with rage and fiendish with menace. A bullet had struck him on the temple, tearing away a portion of the scalp and exposing the quivering, raw flesh. The blood trickled over one eye, the other glaring with malignity. A week's growth of black beard darkened the lower portion of the face; his hat had been carried away by the bullet, and his shaggy hair was matted on his forehead.

As they stood thus, poised on the one-hundredth part of a second, Scott seized the situation. Stepping one step forward, he said, calmly, "Hands up, Hinson, or you are a dead man!"

Hinson paused not, but threw down his pistol and made good his threatened aim at Scanlan.

At that moment a wild shriek was heard. It seemed to come from the heavens, piercing the silence horribly—and Minerva Hinson dashed in among the awe-struck men and bristling guns. Her hair, uncoiled, floated behind her; the old red shawl clung insecurely to one shoulder, as though held there by some invisible hand, in the teeth of the tempest. Her face stood out like an illumination, bloodless and horror-stricken.

As she threw her arms up and flung herself on Scanlan's breast, Hinson's ball cleaved the air and entered her back.

Scanlan had thrown one arm around her; with the other he lifted his pistol and fired at Hinson, the shot striking his head near the first wound.

The man staggered and fell.

"Curse yer both!" he gasped, and it was horrible to see him struggling to re-load his weapon.

"I knowed yo' wusn't up to no good—I'll kill yer! I'll shoot ez long ez—thar is enny life lef!"

The words died in his throat with a bloody gurgle.

His brother attempted to force some whisky between his lips.

"Don't shoot no more now, boys, fur God's sake!" he pleaded, lifting his eyes appealingly to the Rangers' faces. "Thar's bin killin' enough fur one night."

They were interrupted by the noise of running horses, and Colonel Baugh and Dave came up.

The Rangers had, meanwhile, covered the remaining fence-cutters and disarmed them,

while Scott and Scanlan tried to revive the wounded girl. As they laid her on the ground Scanlan fell back almost fainting. Scott saw that his right arm was shattered, Hinson's ball having passed through it as it entered the girl's back.

Dave Baugh threw himself on the ground beside the woman he loved. There was a wild, fierce, agonized look in his face, terrible to see. It was the look of the despairing finite against the conquering Infinite.

For one instant he glared murderously at Scanlan, then turned, broken-down and nerveless, to the dying girl.

His fierce caress aroused her. She opened her eyes and tried to smile.

"Hit's all right, Dave," she whispered. "I don't mind dyin'. Hit's the bes' thing I could do. I'd a made you a bad wife, 'caze I'd already lied to you. I—did love him—Dave!" She lifted one arm and laid it about Scanlan's neck, where it fluttered a moment, then fell back weakly.

Dave turned his head away, burying his face in the grass. "I can't bear to see no creetur suffer!" he sobbed. "Hit'll kill me to see her die!"

She seemed not to hear his voice. Her hand wandringly sought Scanlan's, and her great, dimming, death-dawning eyes clung to his face.

"Hit's all right, Dave," she repeated, getting the two personalities confused. "I know he didn't care nothin' fur me. Hit was only to ketch up with the fence-cutters. He ain't to blame; nobody ain't to blame."

She had found Scanlan's hand, which she pulled upon her breast and clasped with Dave's, holding the two together with an evident effort of her pulseless, fluttering fingers. "Hit's all right—don't shoot—no more," she whispered, and was dead.

Sugar in Politics.

SUGAR is in a mighty bad way. A panic is abroad among the planters. In this day of Louisiana's greatest prosperity, in this first flush of her new thrift, with sure millions in sight and only nature's whims to hinder, the planter's high hopes have been undermined. Already the shadows of the coming eclipse are darkening this land of sugar and of winter suns. From Shreveport to the Gulf, throughout the vast black delta that grows the canes and its unfailing hundred-fold of rice, the planters are in a hot glow, and are condemning in unison the statesmen at Washington who are "reforming" away their industry. I have lately cruised along the Mississippi and the Red rivers in a small cat-yacht, and this is what I have seen and heard:

In New Orleans, ex-Governor Warmouth, owner of the magnificent Magnolia plantation on the Mississippi, stated the local case of sugar to me. I also drew side lights from other sources.

The sugar bounty was the outgrowth of Mr. Reed's canvass for the speakership of the last Republican Congress. He took up with the idea in California for beet-sugar, and later, in New Orleans, he completed the notion of a bounty for both sugars. The bounty system could be worked as easily for both as for one, and that made feasible the shrewd move of the McKinley committee, Mr. Reed being a member, by which cheaper sugar was given the country, and the industry at the same time protected.

It was a great day for cane-sugar when this was done. Of all the fostering acts of Republican legislation this was the most generous. A two-cent bounty on top of a four-cent market, with the fourteen-year guarantee, meant sure and countless millions to the industry. The planters began to make hay tremendously in this fine sunshine. Cotton was forgotten; the sugar acreage was vastly increased; mills were enlarged and new ones built; at the North, orders were placed for the costly sugar-machines, and they were "paid for" as fast as the shops could make them, and as fast as Louisiana lawyers could write out mortgages. It is a work of time to build these machines. Within the last two years the new order has taken on its strongest growth. In that time, Governor Warmouth says, plants costing more than twenty-five million dollars have been put up. Nearly one half of this sum was laid out, he added, since the agitation and success before the people of the Cleveland free-trade policy. It showed the planter's faith in the guarantee; he went right ahead, regardless of the political upheaval.

It is, of course, history that this guarantee has flown with the breezes—that the Cleveland-Wilson tariff-smashing cabal have decreed that in economic legislation one Congress cannot

bind another; and with the guarantee have dissipated likewise into cruel realities the opulent illusions of these hammock-dreaming sugar-barons of the delta.

As I wandered and touched along in the dainty *Anabotan* they had just dropped off into the nirvana of the shaded balcony—Louisiana "American" for porch—from the biggest agricultural convention, values considered, that ever sat in American chairs. But the May resolutions were waste paper, and the committee who carried them to Washington were kicked out of town. The Federal court decision affirming the guarantee has gone to the bagasse-heap of the statesmen, the planter's cake is unbaked, and at this day and hour he is outcursing the days of '61!

Mr. Warmouth tells me this year's crop will not bring its cost by five million dollars, and that with payments and interest for new plant on top of this dead loss, a great many planters must soon go to the wall. The Wilson bill in any form, he says, will break every planter in Louisiana. The investments under the futile guarantee are the straw that will break his back. It is the greatest straw in history.



Wanted.

A boy for office work; no whistler need apply; I've had as much of that thing as ever I mean to try. I've had my fill of "Comrades," and also, in its day, Have sunk beneath an onslaught of "Tara-boom-de-aye." I've listened to the "Bow-ry" till I thought my head would split, To "Huckleberry Do"—and I've had enough of it. I've had a dose of "Bow-wow," of "Little Girls in Blue," "After the Ball," "The Cat Came Back," and "A Bicycle Built for Two." And, as I say, I've had enough; and now what'er the rage is, The boy 'round here who picks it up can whistle for his wages.

E. L. SYLVESTER.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK IN UTAH.

TARDY justice has been done by Congress in the passage of an enabling act to admit Utah to statehood. The struggle has been a long and bitter one, and some features of it are worthy of comment. In point of population, civilization, industries, patriotism, and general character, the Territory of Utah was entitled to statehood many years before Nevada, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and other Western communities could show such a title, but Utah was stubbornly pushed aside by administration after administration, and by Congress after Congress, simply because of the hue and cry that a majority of the people were Mormons, many of whom practiced, and all of whom believed in, a system of polygamic marriage, as a part of their religion.

Has there been a complete evolution of public sentiment, or is the recent want of opposition to Utah's admission to be ascribed solely to the fact that there is an administration in power which is Democratic in all its branches? In the latter case, Utah's first claims have at last been granted, not because they are just, but because it was deemed an expedient political move by the Democracy.

However certain the administration and Congress may feel that they are admitting a new Democratic State in this instance, with a view to helping on the cause of 1896, there are certain to be many surprises in the politics of this new star of the Union. A few years back the Mormons were the People's party in all elections, and the non-Mormons, or "Gentiles," were the "Liberals." This political division was a handy one as things then were. The Liberal party got its money and its leadership from the Federal office-holders, who were enthusiastically opposed to statehood for the simple reason that it meant an end to the carpet-bagger brood of which they were, usually, shining lights. Their stock in trade was the single argument that if Utah were admitted to the Union before the Gentiles had a working majority in the Territory, polygamy would be legalized by a State law and the Gentiles plundered and assassinated.

There is just as much danger of this now as there ever was, as the Mormons still have a first-class working majority, except in a few localities, throughout the Territory; but the inevitable has happened many years in advance of the Gentile working majority, and there is not an honest Gentile in the Territory who does not know perfectly well that his life and property are as safe there as anywhere on earth. In fact, the people of Utah are a peaceful, law-abiding, and prosperous section of the American nation, and statehood will enable them to show themselves to better advantage than they have

The political phase of all this bodes still more ill to the planter. The creature of Republican protection, he declined Republican overtures when he could have been saved; he made common cause with the Democracy, as he ever does in his local politics. Still blinded by the old war-time "nigger madness" in these days of political high lights, he gropes in the swamp by fox-fire, by the *ignis fatuus* of race hatred, rather than pace the highway of progress in the generous illumination that shows the way to industrial greatness and to the planes of statesmanship. But when the inevitable Republican Congress comes he will be on hand as usual to be saved from his Democratic friends. Will the Republican party then still be magnanimous and shower down its favors on a hostile camp—stiff tariffs, bounties, vast river and jetty grants, and what not? What will Mr. Reed and Mr. Chandler and Mr. Lodge say to this? How will Father Sherman, Mr. Allison, and Mr. Aldrich feel about it? Hasn't the Republican party about done its share in the Hayes-Louisiana compact of '77, which Messrs. Sherman and Chandler know a little something about?

EDSON BRACE.

bound saints of the old school who refuse absolutely to see things in the modern way. To them every Gentile is a friend of the mobs who persecuted, robbed, and slew the saints in Ohio, in Missouri, or in Illinois; who killed their prophet, Joseph Smith, and who drove them into the wilderness to perish. Such as these will not join any kind of an organization that admits a Gentile to fellowship, and so they remain on the fence, flock by themselves, and if they vote at all do so in the hope of advancing the cause of the church.

There are, likewise, some Liberals who have not yet learned that the war is over, and would think it sacrilege to give a Mormon the right hand of fellowship. In short, there are many rough edges about the Utah situation which only time can rub off, but the nation will never have cause to doubt the loyalty and patriotism of her people, no matter what their faith.

As the State will have a right to extend the suffrage to women, it is probable that the old Territorial law on that subject will be resurrected among the first acts of the State Legislature, which will contain a large majority of Mormon members. This law gave all women who were of age exactly the same rights, as citizens, as were enjoyed by the male sex. The whole people thought the action of Congress in forcing the abrogation of the law a tyrannical and unnecessary abuse of power, and the women have never ceased to pray for the time when their political rights could be restored. This time comes with admission to statehood. It was the Mormon example and Mormon votes that gave female suffrage to Wyoming, where it is proving immensely successful, and has passed the stage of a political experiment. In this particular Utah is a lamp on a high mountain, from which other parts of the country may sometime secure needed light. She confidently believes in woman suffrage, but does not believe that it need interfere in the least with the duties which wives and mothers owe to the home and the church.

A mean advantage has been taken of the people of Utah in the final framing of this enabling act. It might have been framed so that the constitutional convention could have met this fall, instead of which it provides only for the election of delegates at the November election, and requires the convention to meet in March, 1895. This is, doubtless, to enable the Territorial officers appointed by President Cleveland to hold on to their fat places until the end of his term, and it will have this effect. The constitution will have to be ratified by the people, and it is difficult to see how a State election can be held before the fall of 1895, even if all runs smoothly, and there is scarcely a doubt that the Gentiles in the constitutional convention will make a fight which will be carried to the polls in the succeeding election, because the constitutional convention is sure to be overwhelmingly Mormon.

Mr. Rawlins, the present Utah delegate in Congress, is a Mormon Democrat, and will probably be chosen as a Senator by the first State Legislature. The other Senator to be chosen will doubtless be of his political complexion. It may be safely predicted, also, that the first Congressman elected in Utah will be of the Bourbon faith, so that the new State, with a full delegation in Congress of the same political beliefs, may be expected to cut some figure in national affairs from the outset. Another point which Mr. Cleveland's administration has certainly not lost sight of is the fact that Utah's electoral vote can be secured for the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1896 by the course that has been pursued with the enabling act.

The Territory now has a population of nearly two hundred and fifty thousand, and the assessed valuation on real and personal property in 1893 was \$108,860,111. Of this \$94,533,352 is in incorporated cities and towns, the indebtedness of which aggregates \$2,098,030. In 1892 the mineral output of the Territory was, in round numbers, \$16,276,818, and her wealth in sheep, cattle, and horses will almost equal this sum.

Thanks to the enlightened enterprise of Brigham Young, the founder and builder of Utah, the Territory is self-supporting, and its people could actually get along very well if they had no communication with the outside world. Woolen and cotton goods, boots and shoes, hats and caps, all kinds of iron ware, wooden ware, clothing, and fancy articles are manufactured there; while the fields and gardens produce every luxury and necessity for the inner man. The foundation-stone of the Territory was its agricultural industry, and to that it owes the substantial prosperity which it enjoys to-day in the face of general depression and want throughout the land.

J. A. MacKNIGHT.

The Canoe Meet.

THESE canoe "meets" are unique. There is nothing like them in any other department of out-door sport or pastime. The idea of having lovers of canoeing meet once a year at some good camping-place was suggested about twenty years ago. It at once met with great favor. As a result the American Canoe Association, of the A. C. A., as it is generally called, was formed, and the first meet, bringing half a dozen canoeists together, was held at Lake George in 1880. Since then not a year has passed without having an A. C. A. meet, always bringing from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and sixty people to camp.

These big canoe meets have been held at different places—at Lake George, Lake Champlain, in Canada, at the Thousand Islands, and at Pecos Bay, Long Island. Thus far it has been the policy of the association to change its meeting-place from year to year. There is now some talk of having a permanent camp site, which would be headquarters of the A. C. A.

This year the members of the canoe association tented on historic ground—Croton Point. This point stretches out like an arm on the east side of the Hudson River, near Sing Sing, and about thirty-one miles from New York. The camp site is excellent; the ground is high and well shaded, and slopes gradually to the water. The A. C. A. camp of 1894 was formally opened by Commodore Dorland, July 14th, and lasted two weeks, closing on the 28th. The white-and-red burgee of the association floated from the highest pole in front of headquarters, flanked on one side by the Stars and Stripes and on the other by the red standard of Canada.

The display of flags and colors all along the line was very showy and attractive. Each club had its own peculiar flag floating from a pole in front of a little group of tents. Each club had its own "totem," after the Indian custom. Thus the flag of the Knickerbocker Club of New York bore the sea-horse; one club flag had a dragon, another a turtle, and so on.

The two features of a canoe meet are the races and the social pleasures or diversions. There was racing every day of the last week. The record and trophy races have always aroused keen but good-natured contests, which, in turn, have resulted in the wonderful development of the American canoe, especially of canoe sailing. The racing canoe of to-day, sixteen feet long and carrying one hundred and eighty-five feet of sail, is the fastest boat of her inches afloat.

Some of the races are rather amusing to the looker-on, as, for example, the hurry-scurry race, in which the men run one hundred yards to the beach, plunge into the water, swim one hundred yards to their boats, which are anchored, and after climbing in they paddle to the finish line. In the sailing upset race the contestants at a given signal throw their paddles over astern, and recover them; at a second signal the canoe is to be heeled over until the top of the mast touches the water, then the canoes are to be righted and sailed to the finish line. The race between war-canoes, which carry crews of twelve or fifteen men, is worth seeing.

As to the social features of the A. C. A. meet a volume might be written. In the first place, there is the fun of keeping house, cooking meals, washing dishes, etc. Those who do not want this experience can join a mess. This year club messes were "all the go," as it was decided not to have a general mess. Each club hired a colored cook, who mixed the ingredients of indigestion. There was the suave "Henry" of the Red Dragon Club of Philadelphia, and "Sam," who cooks for the Knickerbocker mess, served until recently in a "fiduciary capacity" (to quote his words) at the defunct Madison Square Bank. Our artist has been able to take their pictures in their favorite attitudes.

The ladies were located at Squaw Point, just south of the main camp. They managed to have a good time, as there were always some susceptible youths in camp—canoeists who, in the language of Camp-poet Wakeman,

"Wear colors loud and gay
And change their clothes six times a day."

At this meet there have been the usual diversions, consisting of open-air entertainments, music, and singing galore. There have been cruises up to the Croton River, moonlight excursions around the point, visits to Rockland Lake and other points of interest on the Hudson. There was a water parade and illumination the night before the camp broke up. But what the veteran canoeist likes better than fireworks or display of any kind is a big, blazing camp-fire, which warmeth the heart and maketh the tongue speak.

L. J. VANCE.



COTTAGES AND PORTION OF THE GROUNDS.



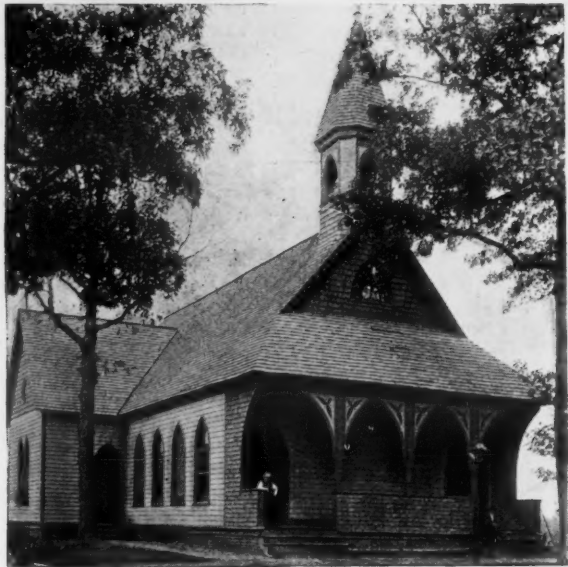
THE APPLETON COTTAGE.



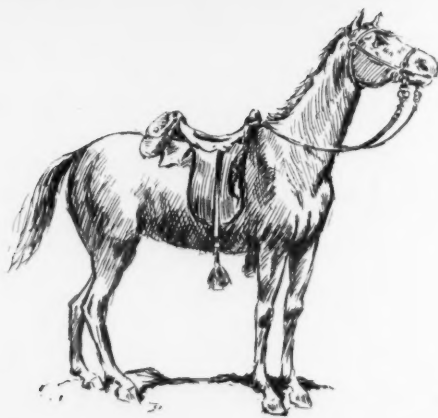
HEADQUARTERS AND MUSEUM.

MESS HALL.

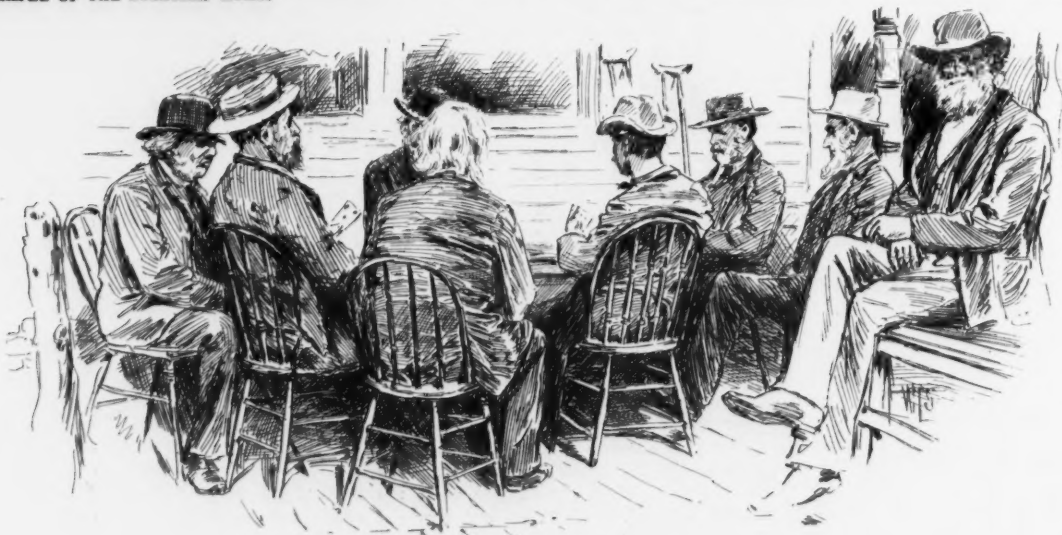
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CHAPEL OF THE SOLDIERS' HOME.



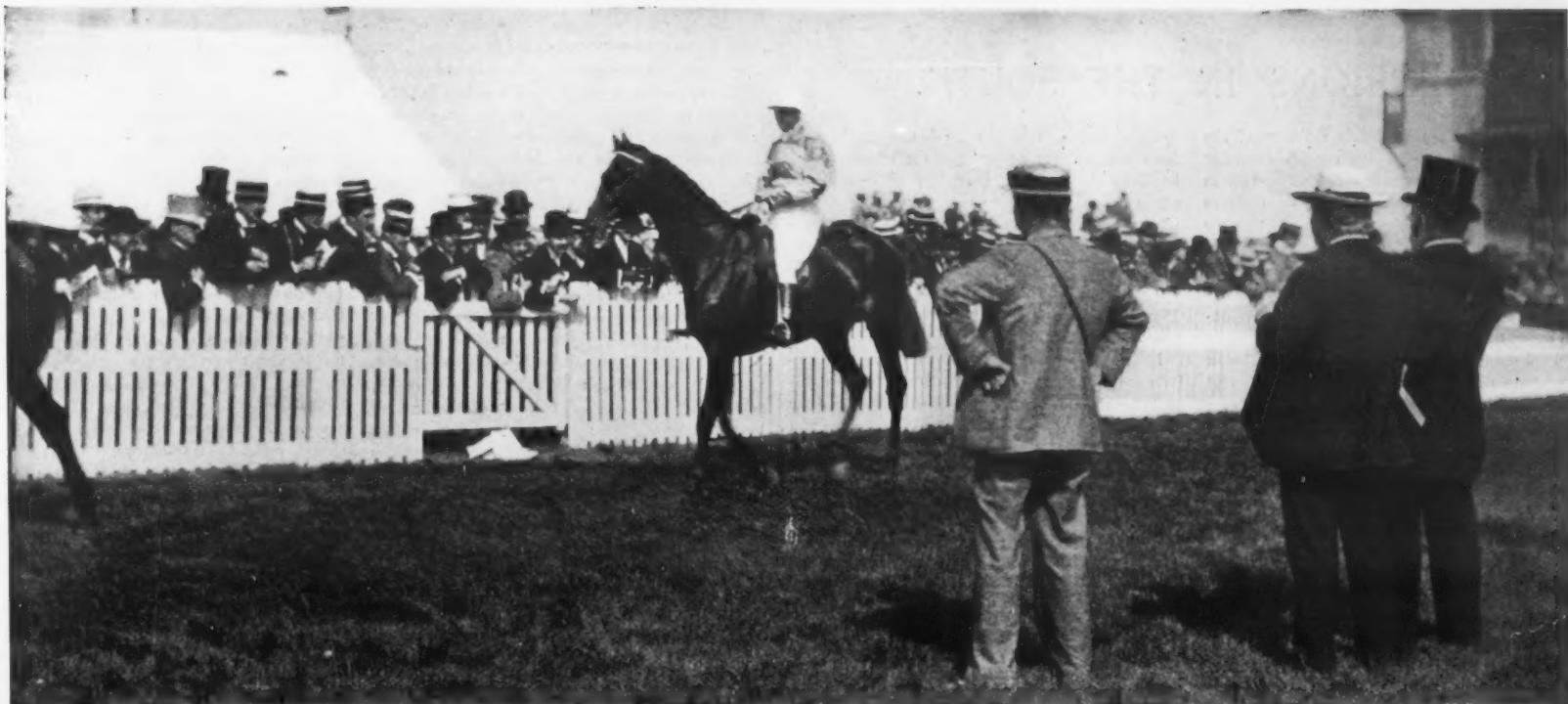
IN THE MUSEUM—STONEWALL JACKSON'S HORSE.



A LITTLE GAME.

PENSIONS AT THE SOUTH.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY COOK AND SKETCHES BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 76.]
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THE RACES AT NEWMARKET—LORD ROSEBERY'S LADAS, J. WATTS UP, PARADING BEFORE STARTING FOR NEWMARKET TO RUN FOR THE PRINCESS OF WALES STAKES OF TEN THOUSAND SOVEREIGNS.



BOAT-HOUSES ON THE RIVER THAMES NEAR FAWLEY COURT—A SCENE ON HENLEY REGATTA DAY.



THE HENLEY REGATTA ON THE THAMES—THE FINISH (TAKEN FROM THE PRESS STAND) OF THE DIAMOND CHALLENGE SCULLS. GUY NICKALLS 1. VIVIAN NICKALLS 2.

OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER IN ENGLAND.

TYPICAL ENGLISH SUMMER SPORTS—PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. HEMMENT, OUR REPRESENTATIVE ACCOMPANYING THE YALE TEAM.—[SEE PAGE 80.]
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PENSIONS IN THE SOUTH.

A MILLION dollars is a fair estimate of the amount of money the South spends annually in taking care of the ex-Confederate soldiers who need assistance. All the Southern States except three have either pensions or homes, or both.

The beginning of the movement was in fraternal organizations. Out of them grew beneficial enterprises, and in the course of development came the homes and the pensions. The Maryland Society, one of the largest, has eleven hundred members, and within it is a beneficial association which, directly upon the death of a member, pays over to the family the sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars. This is done if possible on the day of the death, or if not then, the next morning.

Seventy-four years ago the United States government, desiring a safe arsenal site, began the erection of a quadrilateral of thick-walled store houses about ten miles from Baltimore, on one of the old toll roads, and for many years Pikesville Arsenal was an important military point. During the war the arsenal was of very little account to the government, and after peace came it was allowed to lapse into something that approached an interesting ruin, with vines running over it and the vegetation growing wild. Having no further use for it, Congress presented it to the State of Maryland. When the movement for a Confederate Home in Maryland was started, the unoccupied arsenal was settled upon as the best place for it. In order to persuade the State of Maryland to surrender it for this purpose, the ex-Union soldiers joined cordially with the ex-Confederates in their recommendations, and it was mainly through their efforts that the measure passed the Legislature by a unanimous vote. It required considerable money to fix up the old place, but the ladies added their efforts to those of the men, and the wealthy ex-Confederates furnished memorial rooms, and very soon the old ruin was converted into an attractive place. An appropriation of ten thousand dollars was secured from the State, and this, in addition to the regular contributions, equipped the home with everything that it needed. The cost of it annually is about twelve thousand dollars. It accommodates about eighty men, most of whom are over sixty years of age. These men wear Confederate-gray uniforms on Sundays and holiday occasions. The policy is to keep them as much employed as possible. All the vegetables eaten in the home are raised by the men, and one veteran has a remarkable collection of flowers. The ten acres of ground are kept in spick and span condition. There is a library with the daily papers and much interesting war literature. Maryland has never given pensions.

Missouri's experience in the establishment of a home was similar to that of Maryland, as regards the co-operation and assistance of members of the Grand Army of the Republic. The home is at Higginsville, and its large main building was completed last summer at a cost of between twenty and thirty thousand dollars, which the women of the State, organized as the Daughters of the Confederacy, paid for. This building has a frontage of ninety-one feet by a depth of one hundred and ten feet, is two stories high, contains thirty-one rooms, and has accommodations for one hundred and fifty persons. The system in Missouri is entirely different from that of Maryland. It consists, in addition to the main building, of a number of small cottages which will be built up until there is a settlement of several hundred people on the farm of three hundred and sixty-two acres. When the ex-Confederate Association of the State began its enterprise several years ago the purpose was to get a subscription from everybody who could afford to contribute a cent. The State was divided into districts, and every expedient was used to raise money. "In many counties," says the secretary, "ex-Union soldiers have accepted the position of treasurer and of township collector, modestly alone preventing their taking higher positions. It has been no unusual thing to see the members of the Grand Army of the Republic post come marching to our meetings in full uniform, taking reserved seats, while their officers came upon the platform and introduced the speakers in words that cheered the hearts of every ex-Confederate present; and everywhere their names appear among the Confederates." The intensity of the interest in the undertaking was shown by contributions from every officer of the State.

The result of all this work was the raising of nearly one hundred thousand dollars. The Home Farm, as it is called, is now in successful operation. About seventy people are cared

for, and the cost of the food, clothes, hospital fees, and shelter of each adult is about one hundred dollars per year, and of each child about fifty dollars per year. Fruit, vegetables, wheat, and corn are raised on the farm, and the work is performed by the inmates. Every family has a garden and a cow; there is school for the children and a chapel for the general use. Missouri as a State has never made an appropriation for ex-Confederates.

In 1884 the John B. Hood camp of Confederate Veterans, of Austin, Texas, was organized for the purpose of establishing a home for disabled and indigent Confederate soldiers and sailors. The efforts to secure contributions extended throughout the South and North, and the result was successful, veterans of both armies giving liberally to the fund. It was opened in 1886 and had fifty inmates. It continued under private management until 1891, when by act of the Texas Legislature it became a State institution. The sum of \$65,000 was appropriated for maintenance and for the erection of new buildings. The management of the home is in the hands of a board of five ex-Confederate soldiers, appointed by the Governor. The conditions of admission are proof of honorable service and citizenship in Texas. The average cost of maintaining each inmate a month, including clothing, food, salaries, fuel, medicines, and all expenses except those of permanent improvements, is \$14.35. When the State took charge of the home it consisted of fifteen and a half acres of ground, one two-story frame building of eight rooms, three one-story brick cottages, and one small frame cottage used as a hospital. Since then a main building has been erected at a cost of \$12,500. There are about ninety inmates in the Texas home, and the policy is to keep them as much occupied as possible. The rules are especially severe against the use of liquor and profane language. Texas does not give pensions, but it gives land to needy ex-Confederates.

Virginia has one of the best homes in the South. The R. E. Lee camp soldiers' home, which is located west of Richmond, was commenced in 1883, and the means for purchasing the land and building the houses were raised by a bazaar held in Richmond, and from private subscriptions throughout the State. Some people from other States contributed, but nearly all the money was raised in Virginia. The entire amount was \$65,000. For two years the institution was supported out of this fund. At the end of that time the State of Virginia appropriated \$10,000 per year, but the number of inmates increased so rapidly that it was impossible to maintain it on that amount of money. When the Legislature met in 1892 efforts were made to get a larger appropriation, and after considerable labor they were successful. The appropriation was given in another form, however. It was given at the rate of \$150 per year per man, the amount not to exceed \$30,000 per year. On that the home is conducted by a board of visitors elected by the R. E. Lee camp. They number twenty, and include some of the most prominent men of Virginia. The home at present has about one hundred and sixty inmates, most of whom are from Virginia. The entire expenses for its maintenance from October, 1883, to October, 1893, were \$137,000. The home is located in a large grove of trees, and is a very beautiful place. The cottage system is used, and seven of the cottages were donated by private individuals as memorials. Virginia has never given pensions.

North Carolina is one of the most liberal of all the Southern States in the treatment of its ex-Confederate veterans. In addition to providing them with a home at Raleigh it spends about ninety thousand dollars a year in pensions. The inmates of the home are warmly and substantially clothed, and are provided with an abundance of food. Plenty of reading-matter is supplied. The railroads of the State transport the inmates to and from the home gratuitously, and furnish passes for them to return to their families or their friends on visits. All branches of the service are represented in the fifty-five inmates who are at present under the charge of the institution.

The Louisiana soldiers' home was established in 1883 on Bayou St. John, near the bridge at the end of Esplanade Street, New Orleans, and between seventy and eighty thousand dollars have been appropriated for its maintenance during the ten years. The institution accommodates from fifty to sixty veterans, and clothes and feeds them, and the effort is being made to have the home enlarged. The appropriation for the Louisiana home is \$9,000 per year.

Louisiana pays pensions. For the loss of the use of a leg, \$80; for the loss of the use of an arm, \$65; for the loss of the sight of an eye, \$65; for the loss of hearing in one ear, \$20; for the loss of the voice, \$80; for the paralysis of any portion of the body, causing disability, \$65. Artificial limbs are also furnished, and these limbs are kept in repair. These expenses amount to about nine thousand dollars a year.

Florida has a scheme for an ex-Confederate home under way, but it will be several years before the buildings will be erected. The State enacted a pension law for the benefit of disabled Confederate soldiers in 1885. In 1887 the law was amended, and again in 1889. The allowance per annum in quarterly payments is as follows: For total loss of sight, \$150; for total loss of one eye, \$30; for total loss of hearing, \$30; for loss of a foot or loss of a leg, \$100; for loss of all of a hand or loss of an arm, \$100; for loss of both hands or both arms, \$150; for loss of both feet or both legs, \$150; for loss of one hand or foot and one arm or leg by same, \$150; for permanent injuries from wounds by which a leg or arm is rendered useless, \$90; for other permanent injuries producing disability, \$96. "The benefits of this section," says the law, "shall endure to the widow of any soldier or sailor who was receiving a pension under the provisions of this act at the time of his death; which pension shall continue during such widowhood." The widow of any soldier or sailor killed receives a pension of \$150 during her widowhood. At present there are borne on the pension rolls of the State about three hundred males and about one hundred widows, and these four hundred pensioners draw between forty and fifty thousand dollars from the State treasury. The list is increasing slowly but constantly.

Alabama levies a special tax of one-half mill on real and personal property, to remain in force for five years. The amount collected during the last fiscal year was \$133,218.56, of which a division was made to 4,956 maimed soldiers and widows at \$26.50, and to 38 blind at \$31.57 each, the balance, amounting to \$684.89, being carried forward on the next year's distribution. Of the sum collected the law sets aside \$1,200 each year for the blind. No person owning over four hundred dollars in property, or receiving a salary of four hundred dollars per annum or over, can participate in the benefits of the pension law. The money is paid direct to the pensioners. Alabama has no soldiers' home.

There is no soldiers' home in Mississippi, but at a recent session of the Legislature an appropriation of \$64,000 was made upon the supposition that each soldier entitled to a pension under the law would receive the sum of fifty dollars out of the amount appropriated. The calculation was based upon the number of applications made under a former law, which specified the character of the disability that entitled the applicant to a pension. The present law, however, was less explicit, and the applications increased so rapidly that the allotment fell to twenty dollars, distributed among over three thousand people.

South Carolina has no home managed by the State, but there is a flourishing institution at Charleston which has existed for twenty-five years, and which has been supported by private subscription. It is for the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers, and it recently received a donation of twenty-five thousand dollars. For the veterans the State appropriates fifty thousand dollars a year.

Through the act of leadership of Henry Grady, a beautiful soldiers' home was built at Atlanta, but the subscriptions for it were not sufficient to provide for its maintenance. In two successive Legislatures of the State heroic efforts were made to get appropriations. The sum asked was fifteen thousand dollars. The economists vigorously opposed the acceptance of the building, on the ground that the expense of keeping it would constantly increase. The fight was one of the hottest in the history of Georgia, and a great deal of heated eloquence was spread over it. The result, however, was the defeat of the bill, and the building remained idle. In other ways, Georgia has provided for her soldiers, and artificial limbs are furnished indigent maimed soldiers. The amount, however, has not been nearly as large as that appropriated by other States.

Arkansas is establishing a home, and is making arrangements to take care of its veterans.

Nine-tenths of the pension legislation of the Southern States has been passed within five years. In some places it led to bitter contests, and the relation of the South to Federal pensions was used as an argument against the State systems. The number of those needing assistance, however, compelled the action which most of the people would like to have avoided.

The great organization of ex-Confederates is known as the United Confederate Veterans, with headquarters at New Orleans. Its object is "strictly social, literary, historical and benevolent." It has about two hundred camps, which pay a small fee each, and a pro rata according to membership. Its finances amount to about fourteen hundred dollars a year, used in the necessary expenses of the organization.

There are smaller organizations distributed throughout the South. There is a home in Baltimore for the widows and daughters of Confederate soldiers, and it is a curious fact that one of the inmates receives a Federal pension on account of her husband's services in the Mexican war. In the raising of money and the maintenance of the homes and societies the ladies have been the chief factors in every State. In many of these homes they have collected valuable mementoes. In the home at Charleston the last flag that floated over Fort Sumter is preserved, and in the home near Baltimore there is a large room of valuable relics, including the original constitution of the Confederacy and some of the first flags made for the Confederate army.

THE AMATEUR AFIELD

THE "VIGILANT" IN ENGLAND.

I SUPPOSE all American yachtsmen have been surprised at finding the Prince of Wales's yacht *Britannia* doing so well. However, English yachtsmen are far from considering the result of the first five races to be decisive regarding the respective merits of the two boats. The fact is that those who have most carefully studied probabilities expected that *Vigilant* would win, and they are more than pleased over here at the successes, which, however parenthetical and inconclusive, have at least held five first prizes in England.

So far the lamentable disaster which the plucky *Valkyrie* has suffered has proved sufficient to almost obscure the international events. The *Valkyrie* had become a sort of pet with the British public—not because she won, but because she tried so well to do so—and her owner, Lord Dunraven, is such a general favorite that everything seemed to go to smash when the gallant little cutter was sent to the bottom. My steamer was quite near the collision. But perhaps the less said about the unfortunate affair the better. The owner and helmsman of the *Satanita* hold the sympathy of all England. They themselves are taking the disaster to heart in a way that is painful to consider. But it was quite clear that *Satanita* had ample time to know, and of course did know, that *Valkyrie* had the right of way. At the last moment it seemed that nothing could be saved unless *Satanita* quickly slackened off, or cut, her main sheet to let her pay off suddenly. But this was not done, and she was simply boiling through the water at not less than twelve knots an hour when her long bows entered the *Valkyrie* like a meat-axe into cheese.

It was just one of those accidents the possibilities for which present themselves in different ways at the commencement of almost every race, when the yachts are all hovering for best position, and which all competent sailors must be prepared for. And that is why not one English newspaper has said a word save of sympathy for the people of the *Satanita*—because the disaster could have been avoided—and I mention this partly to illustrate the peculiar kindness of English journalism at times when people grieve.

However, it has been pretty clearly shown in late races that the additions to the *Valkyrie's* canvas and ballast had damaged rather than improved her sailing. Since the alterations *Britannia* beat her more than before, so in spite of the fact that two possible winners have been removed from the contests, it is likely that England still presents her best all-round boat as her defense against the dangerous invader. The accident is a great advantage to *Vigilant* in removing at least two chances of being blanketed by a perhaps slower boat. Cranfield in America, and Carter here, have both shown the abilities of English sailing-masters in holding a boat nailed to leeward so that she cannot sail clear; and the accident has the effect, for a while, of providing uninterfered-with duels between the two which are left.

It is expected that *Satanita* will soon be repaired, and as this boat beats *Britannia* in a really heavy wind, it will be well for a while to remember the word *Satanita* as representing a very possible dark horse.

A good many Americans will wonder why *Vigilant* had to allow *Britannia* three minutes in the regatta of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club,

The measurement by tonnage which *Vigilant* submits to when entering in this club's races includes a further calculation of the hull dimensions; and, while this has had the effect of losing *Vigilant* the earlier races, it also shows us better than ever before what a huge boat *Vigilant* is for her water-line length. When measured at 175 tons, while *Britannia* sails at 152, we see that there is really a difference of 23 tons—that of a good-sized yacht—between the two boats, which, in the usual measurements, is only partially represented in the taxation.

The races so far have been a pottering about in landlocked waters, that utterly failed to develop any marked supremacies. In the race on the 9th of July the boats changed position in the lead so many times, through the flukiness of the catpaws, that the affair was a laugh from beginning to end. But, mark you, it was intensely interesting to watch, and all the English papers have been enthusiastic over the Yankee boat's cleverness in manoeuvring. No question about it, they do love "sport" over here. It seems to me that they think and talk of nothing else.

STINSON JARVIS.

GLASGOW, Monday, July 13th.

In Fashion's Glass.



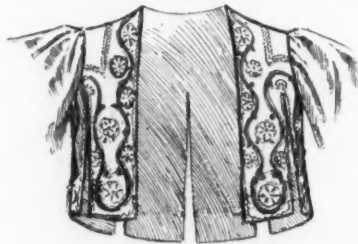
A NEW ENGLISH HAT.

OCCASIONALLY a meteoric fancy—or more properly an eccentricity—shoots across our zenith of fashion, gives out a momentary brilliant gleam, and then disappears forever.

Apropos of this was the whim for wearing a gown with one full balloon sleeve on the right arm and with the left arm bare. I only knew of one instance of this, however, which was carried out by a certain lady at Saratoga. It was not voted a success, being too suggestive of some sort of a disfigurement.

Now comes a notion for odd sleeves—one of white or black, and the other in a color. Not a pretty notion either, although it might pass as a convenience sometime if the material happens to fall short.

There seems to be more attention devoted to sleeves just now than any other feature of the costume. There are several new varieties known as the "Butterfly," the "Melon," the "Pear," and the "Mousquetaire." In the illustration is given the long and short "Butterfly" sleeve,



ARAB JACKET.

for both day and evening wear, and the "Mousquetaire," which is most desirable for thin fabrics. The "Pear" sleeve has a circular puff which hangs in full folds at the elbow, but it is not suitable to every figure.

With the noble army of "bargains" at every turn in the shops to tempt the woman in town, she must be one of the most captious that ever lived not to have her fancy ensnared. There are odd lengths of silks, just enough to make pretty bodices. Remnants of passementeries which may be converted into the most useful and ornamental girdles. Bits of fancy cloths and brocades, just the thing for Arab jackets, and short lengths of lace, fit to frill over the daintiest hand or encircle the whitest throat, all to be had for the asking—and a "bit o' silver" to boot.

Ready-made suits, too, are lined up in tempting array, and it is wonderful what variety one can have in the skirt and coat costume, without its losing in any degree either its comfort or distinctive style, whether it be of serge or linen duck. Navy-blue serge seems to be giving way to gray-blue homespun, and a coat and skirt of this is very stylish made with wide



THE FAUSTSTAFF COLLAR.

revers of white moire. It fastens at the waist with two buttons, and has a deep basque.

With the yachting season at hand the "swell" tailors have turned out some appropriate costumes of charming detail in serges of every conceivable color—blue in all shades, plum-color, golden brown, and red. The smartest jackets are made with collars of white drill, decked with brass buttons. Then, again, whole coats are made of drill to be worn with serge skirts. An excellent boating-dress is of a diagonal twill cloth in a light shade of electric blue, with a coat reaching almost to the waist, made tight-fitting and double-breasted, with a large collar of white watered silk, to wear with a shirt and a black tie.

A mid-season novelty from Paris is "Madeira" embroidery, which is in changeable taffeta silk, embroidered all over in large and small holes, the large ones oval, the small ones round. There is changeable chiffon to match it, in red and blue, red and green, and blue and gold. An entire bodice is made of the chiffon, with very full sleeves, and a Spanish or Arab jacket of the silk embroidery with wide revers is worn over it. It cannot be recommended as economical, the price for the bodice being eighty-five dollars.



A GROUP OF SLEEVES.

An occasional novelty in millinery appears at mid-season, and this year it takes the form of a hat made of holland, with a rather high crown and a broad, curved brim lined with black chip. It is trimmed with large, double Alsatian bows in front, together with a couple of quills. It is most trim and becoming, and looks equally well with a serge dress or a linen one, and is much *en evidence* at the English seaside resorts. High crowns, some peaked, and some in jam-pot style, are found in most of the newest imported hats.

A neat, exquisite and thoroughly lady-like glove is the new suede in three varieties. Gray with black points on the back of the hand and black and white enameled buttons, black relieved in the same way with white, and white suede with black points, have all been in great demand for smart functions. A very popular glove for garden-parties is the fine white French castor, stitched with any color, and fastened with buttons to match.

Speaking of garden-parties, a delicious and cooling drink which is being served a good deal at these out-door occasions is the famous old German "maitrank." It is made in a punch-bowl, with a good block of ice. On it pour first a bottle of still lock or any white Rhine

wine, and two bottles of soda or apollinaris; sugar to taste, and then add a small bottle of maitrank, which is a delicious flavoring imported from Germany, and made from the blossoms of a sweet shrub which flowers in the woods during the month of May.

ELLA STARR.

A Ghastly Incident of the Chicago Strike.

OUR picture on the first page illustrates a deplorable incident of the "military occupation" of Chicago during the recent railway strike—the explosion of the ammunition caisson of Battery F, Second United States Artillery, with the loss of four lives and the infliction of more or less serious injuries on seven members of the battery and seven other persons in addition. The explosion occurred near the corner of Oakwood and Grand boulevards. A detachment of artillery and cavalry was on a practice ride, and was moving at a swift pace. "One of the caissons bumped over a projecting stone in the pavement. It settled down with a jolt. The next moment"—we quote the graphic account of the *Chicago Record*—"the iron cover of the limber with the two cannonaders clinging to it shot into the air. As it rose a blinding sheet of flame came up and enveloped it. It was all in the twinkling of an eye. Before the troopers could turn their heads the noise of the explosion followed the fire. It was louder than the report of a thousand guns fired at once. A perfect fusillade of shots followed, but they were hardly heard in the deafening roar which preceded them. A great cloud of smoke and dust, with flying fragments of men and horses and great chunks of broken wheels, rose up and covered the awful scene of carnage. The troopers had been struck by the concussion as by a mighty wind. They scattered to the right and left. Some of them were thrown to the ground; others were lifted and borne scores of yards down the street. Nearly all of them were knocked partially senseless and deafened."

The bodies of two of the victims were thrown hundreds of feet in the air, being so dismembered as to be unrecognizable. Nine heavy artillery and cavalry horses were killed outright, the pieces of some of them being blown through the air. Heavy caissons were torn literally to atoms. Great chunks of iron and sections of wheels were hurled hundreds of yards. Some of them pierced the stout oak doors and the plate-glass windows of the residences along the boulevard, and some buried themselves deep in the ground. The shade trees, big elms and cotton-woods, which stand along the boulevard were stripped of their branches and foliage and pierced with hundreds of pieces of shrapnel shot and fragments of iron. The scene, in a word, presented all the horrors of actual war.

The Fourth in Berlin.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

BERLIN, July 6th, 1894.

THE Fourth was celebrated with unusual enthusiasm at the "Palast Hotel" here. Over forty American ladies and gentlemen, from almost all parts of the United States, who happened to stop at this house, were the guests of the proprietors. Uncle Sam's flags, with bunting and flowers, gayly decorated the imposing front of this magnificent hostelry, and equal embellishments enlivened the patriotic and festive scene inside. "Nothing is too good for America," said the genial manager to me, and he had flowers in abundance, with a menu of choicest French dishes, translated into popular English, and a well-known band playing the national airs of the United States.

There were patriotic addresses made by a distinguished citizen from New York and Mr. Webster, of Buffalo. The latter said: "Although a long distance from home, we find our patriotism and comfort well cared for in this very sumptuous house. It is particularly gratifying to see the stamp of America on almost everything surrounding us; therefore let us be doubly grateful on this day of Independence." Mr. Jones, of St. Louis, followed in a similar strain, and brought down the house, as it were, by eulogizing the generous liberality of the management.

Indeed, I have but seldom seen so much cordiality in a German hostelry, and certainly never in those barren, chilly inns of England. Aside from the freedom and ease which meet every tourist on the very threshold, and the elegant deference without intrusion of the entire personnel, there is so much of elegance and art as to leave an impression of entire contentment on the mind, however depleted your purse may become after a prolonged stay in this elegant house.

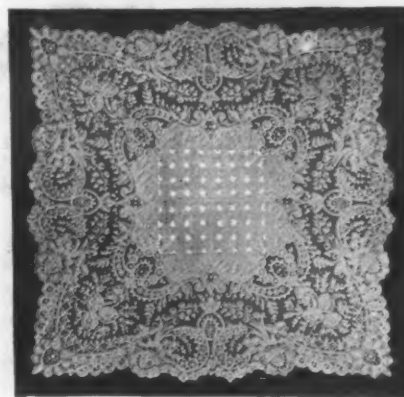
C. F. D.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM LOYD.

Our Lady's Kerchief.

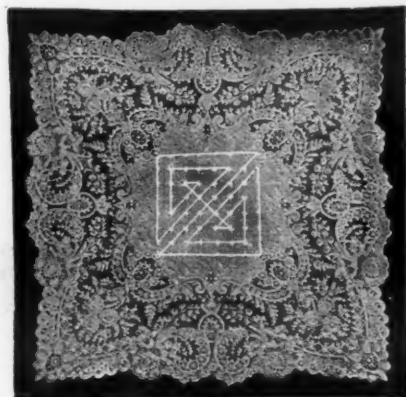
A Marvelous Prize Puzzle.



With the point of a pencil, start from any one of the square cells between four stars, pass with one continuous line through all of the forty-nine squares, and back to the original cell. No one cell must be gone through oftener than another.

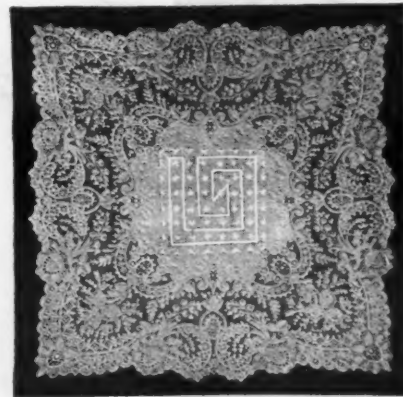
If that problem is too easy, here is a second one. Start with the point of a pencil from any one of the little stars, and, stepping from one to another, see in how few steps they can all be marked off, making the least possible number of angles. The sixty-four stars must all be passed over, but there is no restriction regarding going over some oftener than others. Five dollars is offered for the best answers to either of these propositions received before September 20th, and the lace kerchief, worth \$250, for a correct solution to both. Answers should be addressed to Samuel Loyd, Puzzle Editor, care of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, New York.

ATTEMPTED SOLUTIONS.



The above answer to the proposition to "mark off all the little stars with one continuous line, making the least possible number of angles," comes from Mrs. G. W. G—d, of Trenton, New Jersey. As showing the possibilities and principle of the problem it is the best answer yet received.

The following is given as an answer to the other stipulation, which has been received from any number of competitors, but which is not permissible on account of the crossing of one of the stars. Otherwise the answer is ingenious and creditable:



A New Cure for Asthma.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from asthma. Send your name and address on postal-card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.



TAKING A CANOE DOWN TO THE BEACH.



ALMOST BECALMED.



OUT IN A GOOD STIFF BREEZE.



OFF FOR AN AFTERNOON ON THE WATER.

THE RECENT MEET OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION AT CROTON POINT, ON THE HUDSON.—PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY.
[SEE PAGE 80.]



SHELDON, CADY, FOND, AND HATCH PRACTICING STARTS ON THE OXFORD GROUNDS, UNDER DIRECTION OF SANFORD AND A. B. GEORGE.

THE YALE-OXFORD ATHLETIC GAMES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE ACCOMPANYING THE YALE TEAM
Copyrighted by the Arkell Weekly Company.



THE KING OF COREA AND HIS SON.



A HIGH COURT OFFICIAL ON HIS WAY TO THE PALACE.



THE FATHER OF THE KING OF COREA.



HEADMEN OF A VILLAGE DISPERSING, SHINPO.



TYPES, SHOWING STYLE OF COSTUME WORN BY NATIVES.



USING SIGNS IN ASKING FOR RUM AND TOBACCO.

A "Charity Circus."

A REMARKABLE entertainment was recently given in the city of Dayton, Ohio, for the benefit of the Deaconess and Saint Elizabeth hospitals, two of the worthy charities of the city. The entertainment was known as "The Charity Circus," and was given by the gentlemen of Dayton, under the direction of Harry E. Feicht, the originator of the scheme. The circus was complete in all its appointments, and possessed all the notable features of the "Greatest Show on Earth." There was a street parade some two miles in length, which was witnessed by nearly one hundred thousand spectators. This embodied both comical and realistic features. The circus performances included bareback riding, athletic feats, a grand hippodrome jockey race, trick bicycle-riding, and a wild West race. In some of these features the performances of the amateurs would have done credit to professionals. Of course there were clowns and a trained elephant.

So great was the interest in the circus that visitors attended from towns within a radius of three hundred miles. It enlisted the sympathies of all the benevolent bodies of the city. The receipts for a single day amounted to \$7,326 25, which, in view of the depression of the times, must be regarded as phenomenal. It is understood that "Charity Day" will now be observed every year in Dayton. It is conceded on all hands that very much of the wonderful success of the undertaking is to be attributed to the superb management of Mr. Feicht, whose fertility of resource, persistence, and unflinching energy were at their best in the prosecution of this charitable work.

English Sporting Events.

OUR special photographer in England supplies our readers, in this issue, with pictures of English sporting events which will be found of peculiar interest. The Henley Royal Regatta is one of the notable events of the sporting season, and always attracts immense crowds of spectators to the Thames. It is then that the house-boats, with multitudes of gay and happy passengers, throng the river, affording a phase of aquatic pleasure-making which is found nowhere else in the world. One of our pictures shows the finish in the Diamond Challenge Scull-race, in which the brothers, Guy and Vivian Nickalls were the contestants. Another picture shows Lord Rosebery's three-year-old Ladas, as he appeared preparatory to the race for the Princess of Wales stakes at the Newmarket races. Before the race Ladas was the favorite in the betting, and up to within a quarter of a mile from home he seemed a sure winner; but then he lost his pace and Isinglass, the famous four-year-old, made his way to the front and won by a head. The excitement over the defeat of the unbeaten Derby winner was intense. Ladas was again beaten by Isinglass in the race for the Eclipse Stakes of \$50,000, which occurred on the 20th ultimo. These victories give Isinglass a position among the champions of the English turf. He has won the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Two Thousand Guineas stake as a three-year-old, and the Eclipse in his four-year-old form. Mr. McCalmont, the owner of Isinglass, has already won a fortune by him. Lord Rosebery will try Ladas for the Eclipse next year, and if no mishap befalls his horse will probably win, no really formidable horse having appeared among the two-year-olds in England this year.

The Police Investigation.

THE trial by the police commissioners of Captain Michael Doherty and his former ward men, Bernard Meehan and John Hock, on charges of having extorted money from the keepers of a disorderly house, which is in progress at this writing, has developed little evidence in addition to that elicited by the Lexow Committee, but this seems to be conclusive. The progress of the trial has been embarrassed in every possible way by the obstructive tactics of the defendants' counsel, but this has only served to deepen the popular conviction that the charges made are well founded. We give on page 71 illustrations of the trial.

A New Atlantic Cable.

THE fact that the work of laying the new Anglo-American cable, the largest ever made, which was commenced at Heart's Content, Newfoundland, on the 15th ultimo, by the landing of the American shore end, has attracted comparatively little attention, shows in a very striking way the great progress which has been made in recent years in the means of international communication. Not very long ago such an event would have been considered of world-wide interest; now it is dismissed with a paragraph. The cable in question was laid by the steamers *Scotia* and *Britannia*, the former doing the deep-sea work.

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The Korean Trouble.

THERE are indications that the trouble between China and Japan over their relative rights in Korea may result in war. Civil war has been in progress in Korea for several years. Oppressed by official tyranny and extortion, the people in some provinces rose in desperation. A "national party"—the "Tong Hak"—took the lead, and lately succeeded in securing a whole province. Then Japan appeared upon the scene, sending troops to suppress the insurrection on the plea of protecting her subjects. The Mikado's government next proposed to China jointly to reorganize the weak Korean administration after a more modern fashion, but China, as suzerain of Korea, would brook no interference. Now, therefore, the question resolves itself into a trial of military force between the rival empires. Both governments are making warlike preparations, and have so far declined the friendly offices of the Powers.

Korea has a total area of about seventy-nine thousand, four hundred square miles, a little larger than South Dakota. Its population is estimated at eight million, five hundred thousand, but is probably less. The capital is Seoul, a walled town of two hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants.

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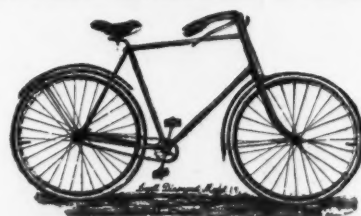
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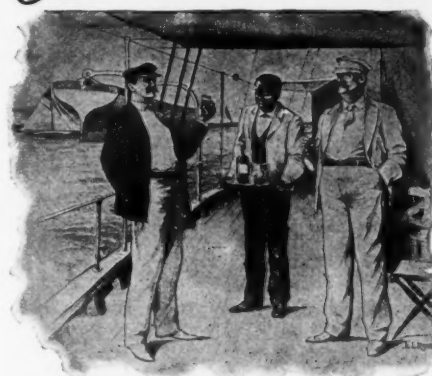
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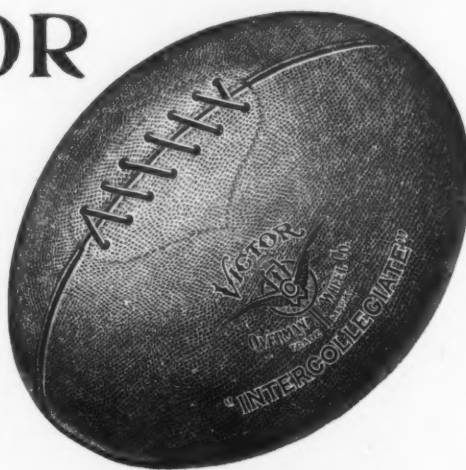
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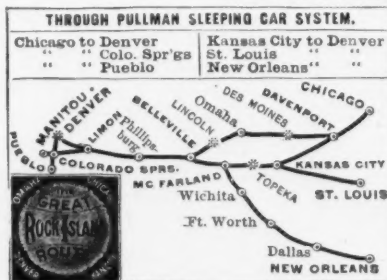
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